JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1896

3D EVERY THURSDAY

FACE UP TO NEXT BLITZ
By The EDITOR

HIDDEN WORLDS FOUND BY CHANCE

CAN EUROPE BE MADE A FORTRESS?
by A.G.G.

SOAP COUPONS SAVED, FUEL SAVED

SPECIAL WARTIME WASHING METHOD

EVERY housewife wants to use as little soap as possible, and she's also anxious to do what the Government asks and save fuel.

So this wartime method for doing the weekly wash should appeal strongly to her. It has been specially worked out by the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories and it saves Rinso as well as coal, gas or electricity.

The method

Here's what you do: You turn on your hot tap and run *half as much water* into the sink as you'd normally use. Into this you sprinkle *two-thirds of the amount of Rinso* you'd normally use. Then you put your whites to *soak* in these suds for *12 minutes only*.

You should have just enough suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

Wash-through and rinse

After the whites have soaked 12 minutes, wash them through and rinse. Don't throw your suds away. The coloureds must go into these and soak 12 minutes also.

Naturally, this way of washing with only a little water isn't as pleasant as having lashings of suds. Nevertheless, *it does get the clothes clean* while saving your soap and fuel into the bargain. So it's worth it, isn't it?

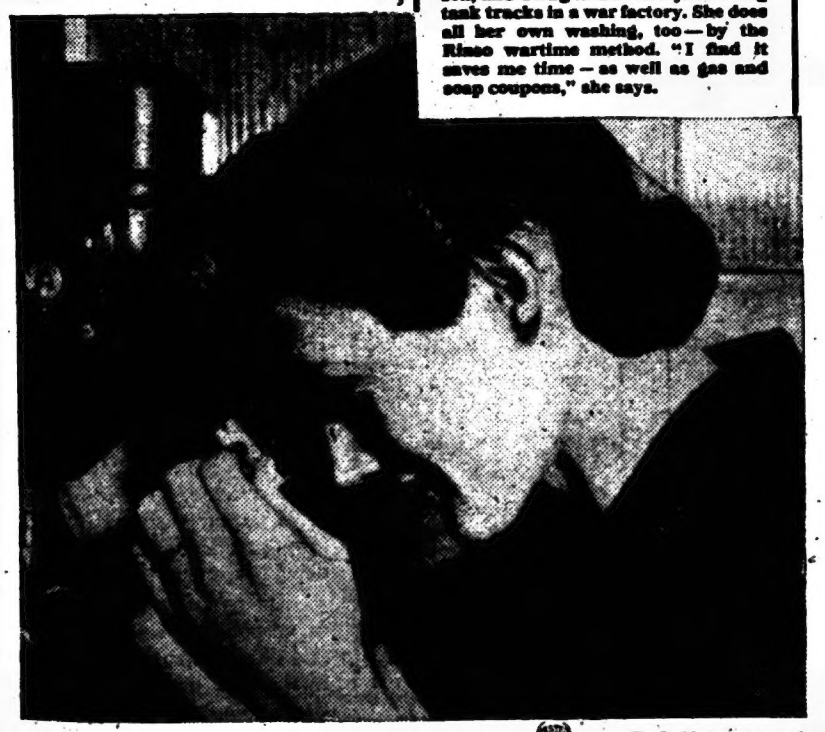
The actual Rinso saving is one-third of what you'd normally use—i.e., one packet in every three.

Busy housewives will appreciate, too, the saving in work and time. A wash takes roughly 1½ hours' less time to do this way. What's more, there's no hard rubbing with it!

Next time you do the washing, use this wartime method! Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet—1 coupon. 7d. packet—2 coupons.

Tester of Tank Tracks Does Family Wash, Too

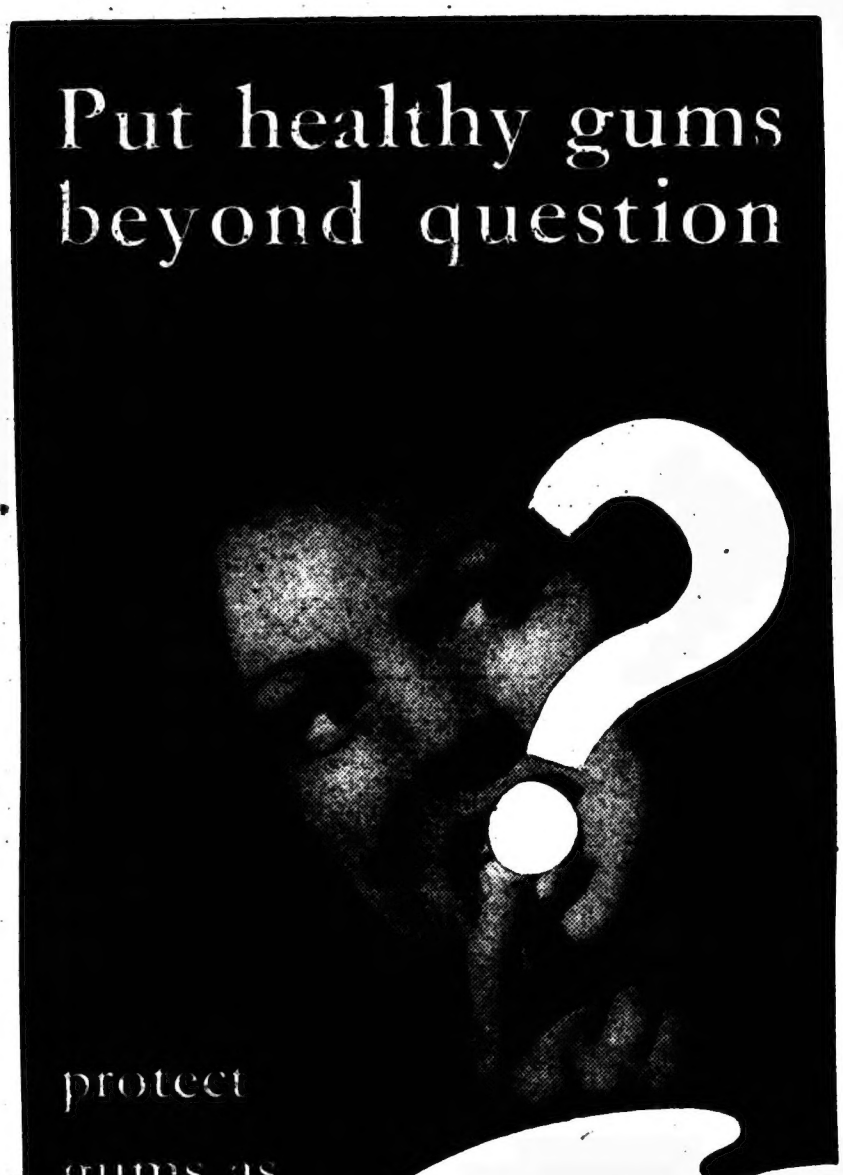
Mrs. May Butler is a soldier's wife, whose day's work consists of running a little home, looking after a small son, and doing a full-time job testing tank tracks in a war factory. She does all her own washing, too—by the Rinso wartime method. "I find it saves me time—as well as gas and soap coupons," she says.



R 3150-414-60

R. S. Hudson Limited

Put healthy gums beyond question



protect gums as well as teeth with

Even a speck of blood on your toothbrush means danger! Don't ignore this warning of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa); use 'S.R.' Toothpaste which contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own remedy for gum troubles. Regular use of 'S.R.' helps to ensure healthy gums as well as sound teeth.

New Size 1/3 *including tax*

★ Return all empty metal tubes ★ to your retailer and help the RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

GR 117-198-60

D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

Patriotic Patches

A NEATLY PATCHED GARMENT is something to be proud of nowadays. To discard clothes that are not completely worn out is as unpatriotic as to waste good food. Every yard of wool, rayon, cotton or other fabric that you buy unnecessarily deprives the war effort of vital material.

ALWAYS ON YOUR FEET?

Your shoes have to do a lot of extra work in war-time, and leather and rubber are things it is specially important to save. *Regular* cleaning and polishing keeps leather supple and makes shoes last longer. The use of a shoe-horn, or the handle of a spoon, saves the backs of shoes from splitting and sagging. Never put your shoes near a fire and never dry wet shoes on a stove or radiator.

Count your Coupons

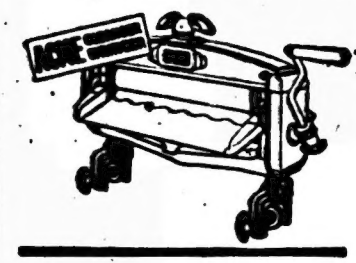
When you are thinking of buying a garment or piece of material, count your coupons and think of the warm things you will need in the winter. Cold weather is only a few weeks ahead. Once your coupons are gone, they're gone. Try and "make do" for the present with the clothes you have.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

It went with the pram...

in spite of father's protests. And Mrs. Higgins was right as usual. Her Acme has been a blessing to her down in the coun-

try—*and* to her neighbours. It makes light of the wash of half-a-dozen crowded cottages. You see, just now, there simply aren't any Acmes to buy. But when the war is won, well, we know of at least six housewives who won't be without an Acme of their own for a minute longer than they—or we—can help!



Your Complexion and Soap Rationing

IT isn't easy these days to keep your complexion as lovely as you'd like it to be. Yet no girl wants the end of the war to find her skin coarsened and dull-looking.

Well, it needn't! This new 2-minute face treatment will give your complexion the care it needs — at the same time spinning out your soap ration. Begin to-night and make a point of using the treatment regularly.

Steam the face

First, instead of rubbing your flannel on the soap tablet, simply wring it out in hot water and hold it against your face for a few seconds to open the pores. Moisten the hands and rub the Lux Toilet Soap tablet between them a few times. Then gently massage the face, moving the hands upwards in small circles. Work from chin to forehead and take special care around the nose and mouth. Rinse with lukewarm water. Finally splash vigorously with cold water to close the pores.

Massage

You couldn't follow a better routine for keeping your skin clear and smooth.

And you can see for yourself that the treatment uses very little soap. By using the hands instead of the flannel, you save *a quarter of the soap you normally use!* And, of course, Lux Toilet Soap lather is "*active*." A very little of it can remove the dust and dirt that clog the pores, causing skin to coarsen, get dull and old-looking. That is why Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin so lovely. And that is why it is used by 9 out of 10 Hollywood film stars.

Rinse with cold water

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

3½d. tablet (including Purchase Tax) for 1 coupon

TL 1276-9

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Mix the children's Horlicks with water only —the milk is already in it

Mothers who keep Horlicks for their children, because of its energy-giving and body-building value, find it a comfort to know that this delicious drink makes no demands on the milk supply.

The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water *only*. The milk is already in it. Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink for children.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

Sometimes hard to get—but always easy to get on with! *(Made for men-folk too)*

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

MF FOOD FACTS

FIGHTING FIT . . . that's how we all want to feel now. The Ministry of Food has planned supplies to make this possible. It's food without frills, but that's right in wartime. Plan your family's meals to this fighting standard. Serve potatoes often — they're grand energy givers and they save bread. Make the most of your cheese ration, it's a splendid body-builder, especially for the children. Eat plenty of home-grown vegetables; they'll help to keep you *fighting fit* through the winter months.

SAVOURY LOAF

Cooking time: 1½ hours. **Ingredients:** 1 rasher bacon, ½ lb. steak or ½ lb. cold meat, liver or kidney if possible, 2 carrots, 2 oz. oatmeal, ½ lb. mashed potato, 1 teaspoonful Worcester sauce, 1 tablespoonful vegetable stock, 1 reconstituted dried egg, salt, and pepper. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Method:** Mince meat, bacon, carrots. Mix in mashed potato, egg, oatmeal, Worcester sauce, salt, pepper and stock to form a stiff mixture. Put mixture into well-greased basin. Cover, steam for 1½ hours. 15 mins. before serving put green vegetable in same saucepan. Serve with the loaf. This loaf can be served cold with a salad. If you have a steamer, cook a pudding over the saucepan.

GREEN VEGETABLES

1. If you have a garden don't cut your vegetables until you need them.
2. Don't soak green vegetables before cooking. Wash them in cold salted water.
3. Slice with a knife all green vegetables except spinach, divide cauliflower into sprigs. Cook them quickly.
4. Use only enough water to keep pan from burning. A tea-cupful is enough.
5. Bring water to the boil, put in greens, put lid on pan, cook steadily for 10 to 15 minutes. Shake the pan once or twice. Serve at once.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 118A

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 17, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

WHERE WE COME IN

OCTOBER 14 has passed. That was the date given by Von Bock as the very latest for the *worth-while* capture of Stalingrad.

Even if the city should fall in the next few weeks, its smouldering ruins and blood-stained rubble would not provide winter quarters for the forward troops.

General Frost

Moreover, the enemy faces the frost with a dangerously jagged front. The battle zone zigzags wildly from Leningrad to Mozdok, full of "flanks" and "pockets."

It invites Timoshenko to kick the enemy's flanks and dig into his pockets. This winter, as last, the Germans may have to fall back to straighten the line.

Reaching for Oil

Their Caucasus offensive is a last-minute attempt to snatch a victory.

It commits them to a difficult mountain campaign—which they had hoped to avoid by taking Stalingrad and driving through the Caucasus. Already it is costing them dearly.

This is where we come in.

Time to Strike

The hour has come for us to increase their difficulties and multiply their costs.

The hour to outflank them—before they can straighten the Russian front, stabilise it for winter, and thus withdraw some of their still great forces.

THIS IS THE HOUR FOR US TO STRIKE!

Opportunity Beckons

Where the stroke may fall is not for JOHN BULL to say. There is the greater need for caution in view of the enemy's anxious attempts to gauge our military intentions.

But it must be clear to all that there are several sectors of the World Front where opportunity waits upon us. It will not wait for ever. It may not wait much longer.

Rommel on the Run!

The choice can be made only by those in command.

No doubt they have studied the need to push Rommel across the desert, chase him through Libya to Tripoli, thus to restore our control of the Mediterranean and lay open a quaking Italy to attack.

General Smuts Agrees

The vital place of North Africa in our war strategy has been stressed by JOHN BULL for two years. It has been emphasised by so shrewd an old campaigner and statesman as General Smuts.

We must gain victory in the Mediterranean zone before the Axis can be broken.

We must sweep through the desert before we can clean the sea.

They'll Be Useful

Certainly the Middle East is not being neglected.

Supplies are reaching Suez. Supplies that consist of something more than beef and beer. Supplies that our men are itching to use.

Distraction

But the Middle East is not the only sector that must be engaging the attention of our military commanders.

There are others strongly favoured by those with a right to express their opinions, others that must be an equal cause for worried speculation by our enemies.

Hitler is plainly in need of a distraction. But he does not wish the distraction to come from us. He wants to supply one himself—quickly and easily.

Stalingrad's Epic

His prestige demands an immediate victory, to distract the Germans' attention from his appalling losses at Stalingrad.

He has had to give up the infantry assault on the city—that city he so recently promised to his people.

No longer can he afford a victory at any price. His army is not quite so big as when the war started.

Attack!

Will he then have to console his people by boasting of his U-boats' success, or a new "blitz" on Britain? Or will he, in desperation, strike at Turkey?

The answer rests with us. It is for us to decide the future trend of the war, to call the tune to which Hitler must dance.

We must attack.

Carried Unanimously

But the best preparations for an attack demand complete agreement from those who draw up the plan.

Stalin's diplomatic but bitter statement made it clear that the Russians are not in agreement with our strategy.

United Planning

In the last world war the Allies did badly for three years—*until they agreed upon a united strategy.*

We have done badly for three years in this war—and we have still to agree upon a united strategy.

One War

The Axis has forced us—the United Nations—to wage separate campaigns. Our own folly has forced us to wage those campaigns as separate wars.

We have been divided in counsel. And so we have divided our power.

When, *when* we bring all our power to bear in carrying out a common plan we shall snap the Axis as a child snaps a matchstick.

The Golden Key

Why should we not use Lease-Lend as the key to grand strategy?

If we can agree to send arms to the ally that needs them most, what in the name of sanity should prevent us from *bearing* arms in the campaign that will best aid our allies and ourselves!

A supreme policy, the utmost limit of co-ordination, the absolute perfection of our war endeavour—all depend on the United Nations drawing up a common plan.

Facing-Both-Ways

Not only in military affairs are we hamstrung by the absence of a common plan. But in politics and propaganda also.

We do not speak with one voice. We do not act with one intention.

Britain, indeed, faces the accusation of Facing-Both-Ways.

The Wrong People

For Britain's leaders choose the wrong people as their interpreters.

We shout our admiration of the Russians. And we mean it. Yet we choose a Trotskyist as one of our officials in Moscow. We send Mr. Arnold Lunn to tell the South Americans about the "fear of Communism"—and then recall him because of "unfortunate publicity" in the U.S.A.

Deadlock in Delhi

We announce our intention of carrying out the Atlantic Charter pledges. But we do not begin to carry them out

No one can blame us for suppressing sabotage in India. But is Mr. Churchill wise in declaring war on Congress as such?

Does not wise leadership dictate a fresh attempt to end the bitter, costly deadlock in India?

Round the Table

As Mr. Bertrand Russell has said, the problem concerns China and Russia as much as it concerns Britain. So he sensibly suggests a commission of four—chosen by Britain, the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and China—to negotiate with all sections of Indian opinion.

The Indians long for independence. We are willing to grant it to them.

Let us make another effort to reach agreement at the conference table!

First Things First

In short, we must think constructively.

We must be constructive in military affairs. No longer should the emphasis be on defence. We can and should take the initiative at which we have aimed so long.

We should be constructive in our political policy. Certainly we must punish the war-guilty when victory is won; but first we must win that victory, and first we should assure the Occupied Peoples that we are planning to rehabilitate their countries as quickly as possible.

Great Events

For the world is on the brink of great events A significant period in the war has been reached.

It is time for us to strike on the battlefield.

IT IS TIME ALSO TO MAKE UP OUR MINDS WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR—AND TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY.

(Continued overleaf)

EASY MONEY

● When you pay your money to see a show arranged in aid of the Red Cross, how much of the money goes to that splendid organisation?

Such is the fantastic state of our laws that the answer may not always be what you would wish.

So JOHN BULL asks both the Red Cross and the general public to take heed from the business activities of one theatrical producer who has been trying to exploit the name of this fine institution.

Recently he wrote to the owner of a music-hall, requesting the loan of the theatre for a midnight charity show. The object, he said, was "Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross."

And, with unblushing generosity, he offered to give "10 per cent. of the money taken at the box-office."

The theatre's proprietor did not consider that an adequate amount for the Red Cross.

With indignation that the public will share, he replied tersely that he always gave his theatre free for charity shows, met the total cost of production himself, and insisted on *all the takings* being handed over to the charity.

The Red Cross, in particular, deserves the public's most generous support. It deserves so much, indeed, that its name should not be used to persuade the public to support such "charity show promoters," who want to retain most of the proceeds for themselves.

And, for the sake of all reputable charities, the law should be tightened.

"THE RISK OF SERIOUS BOMBING REMAINS A VERY REAL ONE . . ."—*The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P., Minister of Home Security.*

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

AND while the tempo of the war increases a departmental committee is considering—demobilisation.

Strange? You wouldn't think so if you were a lad serving in Egypt, India, or some remote part of the Pacific.

You'd wonder, as they wonder: "Are we, who had to go farthest from our homes, to be the last to return to our jobs, our firesides and whatever peace time opportunities that are waiting?"

Call for Volunteers

If the leaders of the three Services get their way, they won't be.

We happen to know what the majority of them favour.

First an attractive appeal to get as many men as possible to take part in essential policing as *volunteers*.

Then demobilisation of the remainder on lines that will not handicap the man in a distant theatre of war.

No Rushing

Men with key jobs waiting would go first—those with jobs of any sort waiting next.

The others represent the real problem.

One suggestion of many is that their release should be slowed down to give them all an equal chance.

Another that there should be no "first come, first served' about it—that the State should do the engaging, and be responsible for every man, and his family, until it has fixed him up.

Lost Gifts

Meanwhile, Customs is giving a hard deal to some of the lads in these distant war theatres.

They send little gifts home, having paid through the nose to buy them.

But wives and mothers, lacking the money demanded for the goods at their doors by way of duty, have the cruel disappointment of seeing them taken away.

Surely, as a temporary measure, they could pay small instalments.

She Made It!

We say "temporary" because our troops should be taught not to buy these mock Oriental treasures.

Reader Mrs. J. Moloney, of Olton, Birmingham, has just received such a gift, made of "sleezy, imitation satin." She had to pay 9s. "extra duty" at the door.

She knows the sender paid twenty times the real value, because she helped to make the article in London's East End just before the war!

Her Plan

Mrs. Moloney says—and we agree with her—that our authorities lack imagination.

Why, she suggests, shouldn't there be official stores at which soldiers can spend their little money on goods of real value which are typical of native industry?

Or, better still, let the buyers choose gifts from samples displayed and then send vouchers home authorising a central depot to release similar goods to their families?

Wanted: Spare Parts

And how crazy it is that people at home are having to throw away kettles because they can't get them soldered, tea-pots because lids aren't available, electric fires for want of some small part no longer made.

That's giving three examples of thousands.

When we are properly organised for total war we shall make it easier to use the old than to buy new.

More Luxury

Too many officials seek luxury while preaching austerity.

With warm September sun shining, a Food Office had electric fires blazing.

A Government office's radiators were so boiling hot on October 1 that postmen calling for mail were almost overcome.

A local authority obeyed the "no central heating" order, but put electric fires in all rooms.

Lighting, Too

Hundreds of hotels have thousands of electric lights burning.

Chambermaids clean up the bedrooms by electric light.

And even in the big public rooms, lit by a dazzling array of bulbs, black-outs go up as early as 4 p.m.

Why He's Dazed

Still, we are sorry for one manufacturer who has been officially warned that he must reduce his gas, light and power consumption.

For the Ministry of Supply came along and demanded more light in the interests of increased production.

Yet bigger windows is no solution—for another lot of officials have told him his factory windows must be permanently blacked-out!

Scottish Tour

We told, last week, of a boy reader who went out to find weaknesses in the war effort, sent the results to JOHN BULL.

Now a Scots reader, accusing us of suggesting all fools live south of the Border, has had a similar look round.

First he asked a hire-firm if he could have a car to go fishing, and was told he could if he took all responsibility for the misuse of petrol.

Fuel Must Rot

Next he found a sergeant, who can speak eight languages fluently, doing pick and shovel work with the Pioneers.

After that he tried to save coal by buying some of the vast quantities of unwanted wood going rotten where Government tree-felling is going on.

He was informed that transport of the fuel was not allowed.

Mystery Explained

Then several readers have asked us why—pressure on newspaper space being great as it is—their local journals printed full instructions to fire guards twice over.

Because each local authority was asked to advertise the instructions, and some papers circulate in areas controlled by more than one authority.

Still, it shouldn't happen again.

Swill

And here's real madness: A Ponders End pig-keeper has been refused locally collected food-waste by his council.

So he has to use petrol to collect the waste from Tottenham, which in its turn has brought it from Ponder's End!

The Fuel Ministry should visit Tottenham. Cars come from thirty and more miles away to collect wasted food that is surely available everywhere.

Reward of Courage

Now the story of a gallant British merchant sailor who helped to bring his ship to Britain, although suffering from malaria contracted in a foreign port.

He went to hospital on arrival here.

And now he has been presented with a hospital bill for £6 13s.

Someone Forgot

We have it that he behaved as a real hero throughout a terrible journey.

And it is not disputed that he contracted the disease while picking up a cargo highly necessary to our war machine.

But apparently somebody had forgotten to classify malaria as an industrial disease.

So there's no compensation, although his health may be impaired for years. No wages. And he must pay for treatment.

Dad Earns Least

"Now if he'd been a docker," some people would say—the people who think these muscular men of the quayside are all millionaires.

Little do they realise that in the London docks some of these men earn as little as 55s. a week, less 1s. 10d. insurance.

Many are drawing less than their sixteen-year-old sons and daughters.

Pay Fair

Anomalies like this should be removed. There should be no cheeseparing when vital war work is at stake.

Give it to the men who unload the ships and we'll get those "quick turns" which help to cheat the U-boats.

We want a minimum wage rate for every industry—and *not* 55s., with deductions, for a family man.

Case for Inquiry

From a ship's officer in one port we receive a very serious allegation.

It is that the police badly beat up members of his crew because, first wanting food at a restaurant, they didn't go back to their ship when ordered.

In the interests of the police generally, who do more than ever the public realises for our soldiers, sailors, and airmen, we think the authorities should spare no pains to get to the bottom of this matter.

Why That "C"!

And Mr. Morrison might find out why certain new wardens in Bedfordshire have been classified with the letter "C."

If, as many of them believe, this is meant to brand them as conscripts, the authority concerned should be reminded that most of them have been doing other war work for years.

Besides, the word "conscript" has a contemptuous application, and should never be applied to any man or woman who, ordered to a post of duty, goes cheerfully.

The Old Gunner

Albert Willett, of Royston, Yorks, was a last-war gunner, was discharged with a disability pension of 12s. 6d.

In 1934 he became partially paralysed. With the help of 23s. dole he managed to rub along.

But now, his miner son having received the extra 2s. 6d. a shift awarded in belated gratitude, they've cut his dole to 10s.

We called on Albert Willett, inspected his sad, brave little housekeeping budget—and that decision mustn't stand.

Fees Returned

In our issue of September 12, we criticised a scheme for retailing names of new houses, and which involved outlay of a preliminary fee of 1s. for particulars.

Mr. L. Greening, of Dorchester, the originator, assures us that his offer was made in good faith, the object of the small charge being to eliminate idle inquiries.

He has now advertised his readiness to refund fees to anyone "with the slightest feeling of dissatisfaction."

We think he has done the right thing.

Behind the News

- **Extending their desperate labour drive in Occupied Europe, Nazis are compelling 1,000 children a month in each country to spend a "long holiday" in Germany.**

- *The whole German army has been "invited" to subscribe to Hitler's winter relief fund, which his prestige demands must be the greatest yet. Subscriptions were deducted from soldiers' pay before invitation was issued.*

- Since lull in blitz, cold storage space in Britain has been built up as self-contained units and will shortly be the greatest outside America.

- **All Italian rail workshops have been taken over by Germany. Owing to R.A.F. devastation, Goering finds it easier to send rolling stock and engines 1,000 miles for overhaul.**

- *New Nazi order allows only one doctor to 40,000 civilians, and permits only the cheapest drugs except in special cases.*

- Britain is now supplying to Turkey the goods Germany guaranteed long ago but never sent.

- **Nicholas Horthy, son of Hungarian Regent, has invested more than a million pounds in Brazil—for fear of Axis collapse.**

- *Former twenty-four hours journey from east to west in Germany fell away to eleven days last year, and is now anything from eighteen to twenty-five days for non-military Grade I traffic.*

- Italian textile industry has been virtually wiped out; 2,000 firms have been liquidated; the four big businesses left are controlled by Reichsbank as "security" for loans.

- **Japs accuse Roosevelt of conscripting negroes in preference to whites because "they fight better." Germany is angrily asking Tokio to drop the argument.**

- *Spanish refugees in France—numbering 100,000—are worrying Vichy. Most are too weak to work, and they can't be sent home.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

FACE UP TO NEXT BLITZ!

WE have been warned. Mr. Herbert Morrison has said that we must be ready for a renewal of heavy air raids.

But the public is entitled to know if the authorities are ready. Frankly, JOHN BULL believes that their A.R.P. arrangements are highly unsatisfactory.

The methods that saved Britain in 1940-41 may prove entirely inadequate to the needs of 1942-43.

For bombing tactics have been revolutionised in the last few months.

The R.A.F. has invented and developed the technique of "saturating the defences." And very effective it has been.

Concentrate on one area. Employ hundreds of bombers in a raid that lasts no more than an hour and perhaps less. Drop their loads in cascades. Make the attack so intense and continuous that the A.R.P. services are paralysed!

The Germans are no fools. They know—how bitterly they know!—that this new technique is one of the most important changes in the horrible art of war.

And, being no fools, they will adopt it if they can—just as they adopted the British ideas of the tank and the mobile anti-tank gun.

They may never be able to retaliate on the same scale, but we must assume that they will make the attempt.

Many experts doubt whether small parties of fire guards would be of use against "cascade bombing."

Foremost among these critics is Major Oliver Stewart, the air expert. He says bluntly:

"If the R.A.F. opinion is correct, there is, during the time a concentrated raid lasts, no chance of civil defence workers performing any useful function at all.

"They are submerged beneath sheets of bombs.

"If that opinion be correct, all civil defence workers who are above ground at such times are merely a target for the bombs and a liability for the defences."

He goes on: "By assembling in the cities at night large bodies of civil defence workers a few more buildings might be saved. But a great many more lives would be lost.

"And in our cities to-day only a small proportion of the buildings are of direct and immediate value to the war effort. Only those buildings deserve special protection."

So we shall need to meet this new peril with new ideas of defence. We shall have to have an A.R.P. organisation that is not only adequate, but perfectly co-ordinated and trained to the last degree.

But look at the appalling gaps that still exist.

The first line of our defence, we are told, is the army of fire guards.

It is a ragged army. Its ranks are as full of holes as a shell-torn battlefield. Its spirit is marvellous, but its organisation is deplorable.

AND the entire blame for that rests on the authorities.

They were slow to start the fire-watching scheme.

They did not even make up their minds to start it until the City of London had been burned down. Then months elapsed before recruiting began.

Later, the "fire watchers" became "fire guards," though the organisation remained patchy and largely untrained.

To remedy this, it was announced last June that every fire guard would have to undergo a compulsory course of training. Then another six weeks elapsed before the Order was issued.

It has still to be carried out.

The Order required the training to include use and maintenance of fire-fighting equipment, the use of hydrants, and so on.

Well, how many fire guards have been told how to use a hydrant? JOHN BULL does not know of one.

Again, how many of them are physically capable of coping with fire-fighting duties?

It was said that guards must be told how to communicate with the N.F.S., wardens and police.

JOHN BULL has made inquiries in various districts. In not one had the fire guards been given the telephone numbers of the local control centre, fire station or police headquarters.

Worse than that. Even in London it is usual to find that one fire party does not know where the neighbouring fire guard post can be found!

Could they not have been issued with clear, simple instructions?

The backbone of the Civil Defence system, of course, is still formed by the wardens, rescue men and similar services.

It is a backbone that lately has been weakened.

There has been a drastic call-up of full-time workers. The places of many "blitz" veterans have been filled by far less experienced part-time volunteers.

It is hardly surprising that some senior officials view this process with alarm.

Fortunately, there are signs that the danger is appreciated by Mr. Morrison. As evidence that he has seen the red light, he has introduced the excellent idea of "blitz flyers."

These are mobile columns of full-time Civil Defence workers who are expert in fire-fighting, rescue work, first-aid and the many other needs of a heavy raid.

Grouped at strategic points, they are ready to dash in fast transport to any attacked city.

"When you are called," Mr. Morrison has told them succinctly, "get there fast. You will be needed."

That is good sense. It should be developed throughout the Civil Defence system.

The N.F.S. has been organised on a country-wide basis. So, in event of a heavy raid, fire appliances can be rushed from the Midlands, the South, even from Wales and Scotland, to an attacked town in, say, East Anglia.

The N.F.S. now has its own "commandoes"—the shock troops who can climb like monkeys to reach a fire. So, as we have seen, is the "commando" squad becoming an essential feature of the warden and rescue services.

It should be more than that. It should be the very basis of our defences!

We need a highly trained and mobile service of blitz fighters.

Fire guards—men and women—should be graded in training according to age, fitness and the type of premises they watch.

THEY should be allowed immediate contact with the regular fire-fighters should the need arise, instead of wasting time with a stirrup pump when more powerful appliances are obviously necessary.

Not less important, the safety of all empty premises should be made the responsibility of their owners.

Rescue squads and similar services should become flying columns.

They should no longer be forced to idle away their days while awaiting a call. Their skill should be used on public works that have been delayed because of the shortage of labour.

Finally, there must be a halt to the call-up of expert firemen and full-time wardens. It must be realised that these key men are as useful in Civil Defence blue as they could be in Army khaki.

It is not the public, but officialdom, that needs to face the new peril of bombing with realistic ideas.

Start the Real Film Shows on Sundays

PROUDEST boast of the cinema is that it is the People's Entertainment. Yet a big section of the hardest workers in the country are receiving shockingly poor entertainment at the moment.

★ ★ ★

It is all because of the slipshod arrangements for Sunday film shows. Those men and women who work six long days a week in war factories are given rubbishy second-hand stuff in the cinemas on the only day they can go—Sunday.

Unless they are able to do their picture-going in the West End of London they would have to wait as long as five years to see "supers" and "epics" like *In Which We Serve*, *The First of the Few*, *Mrs. Miniver* and *My Gal Sal*.

The whole trouble centres in a money squabble between renters and exhibitors.

Depending upon the size and locality of his theatre, the exhibitor at present pays anything from 50s. upwards for a Sunday programme, and gives a small percentage of his takings to some charity.

The copies of the old pictures shown are sometimes worn out and scratched. The sound track frequently records unintelligible speech. Too many of the pictures are American throw-outs.

Thousands of cinemas are doing capacity business on Sundays.

The public pay the same admission price as they do on any other day of the week, and yet they have to put up with this old trash.

Behind the scenes a tussle is going on which is no doubt important to the people in the film trade, but which does not seem to be getting any nearer to giving Sunday audiences a better deal.

Foremost in this row is Twentieth Century-Fox Film Company, who, following a lead by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has decided not to release any film for Sunday booking only.

Exhibitors, they insist, must book their films for seven days or the four days, counting Sunday as a normal day.

★ ★ ★

The response of the principal exhibitors has been to boycott Twentieth Century-Fox's British Movietone News, and March of Time, which that company distributes.

Exhibitors argue that this move by the American renters is merely an attempt to put more money into their already bulging pockets.

Whether this is so or not, when they are tackled about the old films they show on Sundays the exhibitors blandly reply that nobody is *coerced* to go to the cinema on that day!

In fairness to a number of renters and exhibitors, it must be recorded that they were in favour of beginning the exhibition of current films on Sunday instead of Monday, but strong resistance by the majority blocked this sensible move.

★ ★ ★

This change, however, seems to be the only fair way of ending the increasingly unsatisfactory position of Sunday film shows.

After all, cinemas exist to give good entertainment to the people, and public opinion—still the surest remedy in this country—must be brought to bear on the film trade to give millions of war workers throughout the country a fairer deal.

They must be made to realise that that is the aspect of the situation which counts most and not the question of profit and loss which is now dominating the whole squabble.

OPEN LETTERS

Judge EDWARD CAVE, K.C., Dale House, Blandford, Dorset

YOUR HONOUR,—For a judge, your language is shocking.

So shocking, indeed, that it may make some of our authorities squirm into action and will certainly make the rest of us admire your bitter candour.

"There should be no difficulty about accommodation for farm workers—who are as important as soldiers," you said at Salisbury County Court.

"The position should be that instructions could be given that a house was needed on a farm, and unless it was put up in fourteen days someone should be hanged."

That, your honour, is the only sort of language that could jerk our drowsy officialdom into attention.

There were far too few rural houses before the war. And great numbers of them deserved to be condemned for disgusting sanitation, rotten roofs and damp walls.

Officialdom slumbered on.

Now the position is still worse.

More people are engaged in agriculture. The villages are crowded out with refugees from air raids. So more houses are needed than ever—and officialdom still drowses.

Yet, as you say, there is no difficulty about running up barracks, concert and dance halls for the troops.

Nor should there be. And what we do for the troops could be done for the men and women on whom we depend for our food.

Very often bad farming is due to the lack of good housing. It is also quite clear that we cannot expand our farming without putting still more people to work on the land.

The problem of finding houses for them is already leading to a fresh wave of evictions.

Typical is the case of a farm worker's widow—a semi-invalid who has two sons in the Forces and two younger boys at home.

She has been ordered to leave the house where she has lived for twenty years because it is wanted for a farm labourer. But there is no other accommodation available for her.

That, of course, is one of the evils of the "tied cottage" system. The tenant is at the farmer's mercy.

So we do not want more houses on the farms, as your words appear to suggest. We want houses erected *near* the farms and owned by the local authorities.

It is the duty of the Minister of Health to see that the local authorities are able to meet their housing needs. I hope your blunt words will remind him of that duty.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. G. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR SIR,—Some of your underlings do not know the full meaning of the word most often on their lips. I must ask you to remedy their ignorance.

Tell them that "economy" does not only mean the saving of coal. Tell them that time, money, food and paper should also be saved.

Recently they asked Feltham council to organise a "Battle for Fuel" drive. And they suggested it should open with a nice luncheon for the councillors and officials!

As the council's chairman caustically observed: "If they cannot do anything better than circulate pages and pages of matter like this, and ask councils to go in for civic luncheons, it is time a protest was made."

Indeed it is. No one will suggest that your Ministry is alone in wasting paper. That is a fault common to all the vast new Government Departments created by the requirements of war.

But the public has a right to expect that Ministers will curb their subordinates' extravagance.

I trust I shall soon be able to congratulate you on setting an example for all your colleagues.—JOHN BULL.

Lord BRIDGEMAN, Director-General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—Reginald Brown worked from six in the morning till ten at night every day—including Sundays.

He milked the cows, did the harvesting, drove the plough and tractor, cut the corn and grass on three farms.

Now he has been sent to a month in jail for not attending Home Guard drills for a year.

On the face of it the punishment appears to be harsh; it raises the whole problem of conscription, which in many cases works unfairly.

I know a machine tool turner who works from 7.30 a.m. till 7 p.m. Once a week he has to man an anti-aircraft gun all night, and he hasn't time for a meal before he reports for duty.

Not only does his output fall badly next day. He is so fatigued while on the guns that I strongly doubt whether his shooting would be accurate.

And what of the miners from the hot pits? You cannot wonder if they are too tired next day to produce the coal that the country wants so urgently.

I urge you to impress upon all your commanders the need for discretion in the handling of hard-working keymen of our war industries.—JOHN BULL.

Air Chief Marshal Sir CHARLES PORTAL, Chief of the Air Staff

DEAR SIR,—If you discussed air bombing as gloomily as did your protagonist Goering the other day, I should know that our chance of winning the war had shrunk to vanishing point. Whereas it is no secret that you are more than cheerful.

Yet some critics are sniping at you.

With less sarcasm and a different reason, they repeat the question asked by Goering and his radio commentator, Colonel Gerts: What has happened to the thousand-bomber raids?

But I dare say that Goering knows the answer to his own question. He must know—none better—that the R.A.F. is by no means inactive.

It has aimed 5,000 tons of bombs on Germany in ten nights. It recently dropped a bomb every 75 seconds for six whole days during the Middle East fighting: 10 tons of bombs to the square mile every hour! It ranges over the U-boats lanes in the Eastern Atlantic without cease.

Nor need anyone doubt that the time is coming when the day-and-night bombing of Germany will become as real a fact. I believe the workers in our aircraft factories will strain every nerve to enable you to make the coming winter the worst that Germany has ever experienced.—JOHN BULL.

You've Met These "Man-ised" Women

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

TWICE in one day recently different men revealed to me that they had been told "smoke-room" stories by women.

The men weren't shocked; they were a little puzzled, for, as one said: "The woman who told me the story is a charming, respectable creature, and the last woman in the world I would have suspected of telling a man such a story."

War coarsens as well as ennobles. It brings out in men and women many fine qualities—courage in the face of adversity, endurance in the face of suffering, and steadfastness of will and purpose.

★ ★ ★

Already Britain has been saved twice in this war by those fine qualities. They will play their part in saving the world.

But because of these qualities it would be folly to ignore that in some respects our standards of life and living have deteriorated.

And especially is that noticeable in what I call—for want of a better term—our "man-ised" women.

You've probably seen them in pubs and hotels. There is a certain swagger, a certain bravado about them. They smoke like chimneys: they drink with practised ease and discuss "hang-overs" and the latest stories.

They are vulgar, sometimes noisy; they are at once a reproach and a warning.

They have put themselves on a level with men and think that, being "man-ised," they have won to the ultimate freedom of individual licence.

Most of them are warm-hearted, generous to a fault and tolerant to a degree.

They don't brook interference; they resent disapproval; and they pretend they don't give a tuppenny damn what others think about them.

I have often wondered why war should produce this coarsening process, why vulgarity should be at a premium and why conduct, which before the war would have been considered unseemly, is regarded today as permissible.

The disintegration of home life is one reason for this regrettable change. Wider social, or anti-social, contacts must be held partly to blame.

Removal of certain conventional barriers is another cause.

War's demands in terms of sacrifice and toil are exacting. The individual seeks to restore the balance by relaxation in terms of drink and pleasure.

Lonely women, girls in uniform tasting, strangely enough, their first liberty, are driven by forces stronger than themselves into activities they would have shunned in normal times.

When hundreds of thousands of women enter the industrial and military domains of man, the coarsening process is inevitable. Certain false social and moral values are taken for granted.

Only fools would beat about the bush and refuse to believe such things. They may as well refuse to believe in the frailty of human nature.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps I am being unjust and unkind. Mr. Bevin has told us how "the women of England rose to save us in this critical moment."

Britain cannot, must not, forget that fact. Tomorrow it will be history how women toiled and sweated and strained and endured so that the war machine ran strongly and smoothly.

So maybe a little vulgarity—for only the very small minority of women are at all "man-ised"—may be forgiven. As I hope I may be forgiven for daring to discuss such a subject.

Hidden Worlds Being Found by Chance

★ WAR IS TAKING OUR TROOPS TO FORGOTTEN CORNERS OF THE EARTH HIDDEN IN UNMAPPED JUNGLES AND MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES—MAKING THEM ACCIDENTAL EXPLORERS AS THEY GO ABOUT THEIR JOB OF TIGHTENING THE NET ROUND HITLER AND HIS GANG, THE WORST OF ALL JUNGLE BEASTS.

By HARRIMAN DICKSON

AFTER pushing their way through desolate sand-dunes for two days a handful of men from the Long Range Desert Group began to wonder whether the green vegetables for which they searched were really worth while.

The country they had traversed, after setting out from their quarters in an oasis, was not completely uncharted, but it changed its contours with the sand storms.

And nothing to show after two whole days of broiling heat, dust and sand!

New Lost Horizon

Then, suddenly, something quite remarkable happened. A pile of rock reared up in the distance.

First, they thought it was just another mirage, but it remained on the sky-line, became clearer, and finally revealed itself as a mass of black rock with a queer, rounded crest.

They pressed on. As they came nearer they could see no way through this blank wall. Then a slit of light emerged at the centre, running down its entire depth, as though the rock had been split from top to toe.

Finally, they were close under the great wall rearing 300 ft. into the air. The split just permitted their trucks to go through single file.

Something even more remarkable happened next. They wound their way through the narrow gorge and came upon the most lovely sight. A green oasis shaped like a half-moon, with a mauve lake at its centre.

It was incredible. Men who had spent their lives in the desert had never come upon this oasis. It was definitely unmarked on any map. A valley of lost horizons in all reality.

They drove forward eagerly, still scarcely believing their own eyes. It would probably fade as they were almost on it. But the natives who ran into their mud huts at the sound of the engines were real enough.

Half an hour later they were talking to them. They had an amazing story to tell. Here, on the great desert battlefield, they did not know there was a war on!

Cars Amazed Them

More than 150 natives lived around the oasis, and only one had ever seen a white man before. The cars and lorries amazed and frightened them.

The Long Range men did not discover the precise origins of this colony, but they found them friendly, anxious to please, and finally had a whole roasted lamb presented to them.

They turned back at last, these accidental explorers, and some of the natives seemed anxious to follow.

Remarkable though it is, this discovery is only one of several made by our troops in this all-over-the-place war.

There was the party of Royal Air Force engineers who spent five weeks in the uncharted lava valleys of Western Iceland attempting to salvage a Whitley and a Hudson. They made some remarkable finds in the process and had some more than exciting moments.

I am able to give extracts from the diary of the officer in charge.

Extremely cold . . . Water frozen inside heated hut. . . .

Left camp with two Bren gun carriers to act as snowploughs, and one 30 cwt. truck. All vehicles frozen into the sea ice where the road crosses a fiord. Personnel escaped over the frozen sea with sledges. . . .

Proceeded alone on skis to telephone for aid and provisions. 'Phone was broken. Food becoming short.

Telephone still broken. Proceeded alone on horseback. . . .

At last they reached the two crashed aircraft and began salvage operations. It was a lengthy business. Supplies of food were dumped at the nearest point which motor lorries could reach, while the salvage work went ahead.

Some days later the pilot officer in charge took his men up a 5,000-ft. mountain which had never been scaled before.

They used ropes for the final part of the ascent. The view from the top was awe-inspiring.

By now an Army reconnaissance party had joined forces with them, and they, too, went up the mountain.

The R.A.F. officer's diary continues.

Decided to follow the Army. Overtook two of them struggling along with sledge.

At 1,000 ft. decided to put on skis, found that I had been given two left-footed skis and became very angry. Dug a snow hole and slept the night in it. . . .

Severe storm developed overnight. Felt anxious about Army in camp on mountains. Thick cloud down to 500 ft. They straggled in one by one, having apparently walked in a circle on the plateau until they found my ski tracks and followed them down. . . .

White men have never before penetrated some of the savage jungles through which our soldiers are forcing their way

300 Years Old

Accidental explorers in Russia have stumbled on some amazing things.

Mikail Bergenov was a Russian corporal on special work in the Urals. He went off one day to search for wood, was lost, and wandered for twenty-four hours through country strange to him.

A blizzard overtook him and he sought shelter in a ruined hut. That night something approaching an avalanche burst down one end of the gully. By some miracle Bergenov survived.

Next morning, when he was climbing out of the gully, he came upon a snow hut which had been preserved for many years by the intense cold. He forced his way inside and came upon a strange scene.

There were three skeletons preserved almost perfectly. One belonged to a queer animal, something like a baby rhinoceros. The second to some kind of primitive man, and the third to a child.

The drama which took place in this hut, probably some 300 years ago, has since been reconstructed. The man and the child sleeping, the "rhinoceros" stealing upon them, killed them. Then something must have blocked the animal's way out from the hut, and it gradually starved to death.

Another remarkable story has come in from the hinterland between Burma and India, the unsurveyed and still unadministered Naga country.

Richard Johns, escaping from the Japs, came through a nightmare world of impenetrable jungle, where the green mould crept over your boots while you watched, where twenty-four hours a day great storm-clouds sent down torrential rain, where steaming morasses tried to trap and suck you down.

No one had forced his way through this country before. It was the most savage country in the world.

Ate With Their Toes

Johns went through it, and somewhere towards the sixth day of his terrible journey he came upon a colony of men who appeared to be armless.

These strange beings were neither hostile nor helpful. The humid atmosphere seemed to have drained away their vitality.

But they were amazingly dexterous with their feet. They put food into their mouths with their toes. They wielded primitive implements the same way.

There was nothing to indicate that the arms had been chopped off as part of some head-hunter's ritual. It looked as though they were born that way.

Balloons Help to Bring Bacon Home

UNGAINLY barrage balloons are saving our bacon—literally.

Not only do they protect our cities from dive-bombing, but they and their smaller brothers have saved many a heavy-laden cargo ship from destruction by bombs.

When first it was suggested that ships should fly balloons, the seamen scoffed.

But not so to-day. "I wouldn't put to sea without me old gas-bag!" says the typical skipper.

★ ★ ★

Not only are the big convoys protected by special balloon ships—which fly the familiar big gas-bag—and by smaller individual balloons, but even the coaster regularly calls at the "balloon sellers" in ports and estuaries to borrow a balloon for every trip.

Three Services look after the balloons.

At the balloon wharf a naval officer keeps a look-out for "customers." R.A.F. men and women repair and inflate the balloons.

Naval ratings take them out, inflated, by drifter, and are now so skilled that they can transfer a tugging, bucking balloon to a ship which is actually under way.

Merchant Navy men look after the balloons once aboard, and also share with the Navy the manning of some of the lonely fixed lighters and barges which fly permanent barrages around our ports and rivers.

The balloons are not intended primarily to destroy raiders, but to hamper their aim by keeping them high and preventing them from coming in slowly up-wind to drop their bombs.

At first the bombers used to concentrate on shooting down the balloons before attacking—and even that sometimes caused enough delay for the Spitfires to be called up. But, by methods which cannot be described, our new balloons are not nearly so easy to bring down.

Many unwary Nazis, though, have been sent crashing by the tough balloon cables.

One skipper described to me how: "There was low cloud, see, and the old gas-bag was sitting in it. Along comes a Junkers and bumbles around cautious-like for a bit. Then, not seeing nothing, he comes in low with his bomb doors open.

"Knowing what I did, I just stared dumb-struck. . . .

★ ★ ★

"Suddenly the great thing sort of half stops in mid-air, and then hang me if it doesn't slice in half, neat as a bit of cheese, and the two halves fall apart, and the 'Jerries' come tumbling out before it hits the sea.

"Sort of dazed, they were, when we picks 'em up. . . ."

That was one kill. Another amazing one occurred just after a cautious Nazi had sprayed the balloon with bullets. He didn't puncture it much, but by a thousand-to-one chance he hit and cut the cable.

The freed balloon lurched up suddenly as the 'plane pulled out of its dive, and, in the words of the skipper, "there was a sort of gigantic 'Flop!' like an express train hitting a feather mattress and 'Jerry' went blundering up into the sky with yards of silk round his nose.

"And then the whole 'plane caught fire, and that was the end of it."

★ ★ ★

In the early days of the war men lived and slept in uncovered barges, huddled together for warmth, but now their quarters are as cosy as they can be made.

One fixed crew in an estuary have described how dozens of ming-laying Nazis roared over their heads all night while they listened to the parachute mines plopping into the water all around! Bombs fell, too, and their boat was so holed by splinters that they had to man the pump continuously.

No mines hit them, but next morning experts found that a new type of mine was being used.

No relief boat could be sent until the mechanism had been mastered. So for days the crew were marooned in their leaking craft until eventually relief was dispatched by a sailing boat.

★ Are so-called naughty children the problem—or is it us? It's something to which all too many people have scarcely given a thought, and yet so much that is vital to this new world we're talking about and longing for is rooted right in it.

Two Boys Put Us in the Dock

BRITAIN'S children, it appears, are being very, very naughty.

Sent from the danger areas to the country, many of them are ungrateful enough to knock apples off trees, use Bad Words, and display varying degrees of disrespect to their elders.

Or, left behind in big cities, they exploit the absence of dad on active service by getting into trouble with the police.

And so everybody is considering the wrongs that children are doing to us. It comes up at every conference.

And pretty well nobody is stopping to think what wrongs we are doing to the child.

Are they the problem—or is it us ?

Let one of the most enlightened magistrates who ever sat in judgment on a child help us.

His name is John A. F. Watson, and he is chairman of Southwark Juvenile Court.

And he has written a book.

He takes us behind the scenes in some of the little dramas that have come before him.

This boy, put to work with horses, hadn't time to think of his "Criminal instincts"

For example, the story of Peter Green.

Peter Green was just fifteen when he found himself crossing some waste land with a boy friend.

They came across a car that had been left unattended. They tried to start it. It was just a stupid prank—it has never been suggested that they intended to steal it.

But they did £10 worth of damage

They went before Southwark Juvenile Court, where each boy was ordered to pay a £5 share of the damage in instalments.

And Peter Green went home to have the bottom knocked completely out of his little world.

"I am not your mother at all," said the woman he had been brought up to call "mum"—coldly, clumsily, brutally.

Peter went "all funny inside" when the truth was revealed to him. The words were his own.

He felt that 'after that, nothing else mattered."

He went out, broke open and entered a lock-up garage, and stole a motor-cycle.

After which he found himself before the same Juvenile Court again.

Now, at least, Peter was lucky in his court.

For there—at Southwark—they don't view the children before them as coming for punishment.

Mother Traced, But . . .

Their attitude is : "This child is in court as a result of conditions not of his making. He has a valid claim against the State to be *saved* by it, not punished by it."

What to do with Peter ?

His mother was traced, but she had married and her husband forbade her to have anything to do with the boy.

Then a married sister was found, a kind, pleasant woman. Everything depended on her.

Yes, she would have Peter at her home in the country—for keeps.

And Peter has settled down with her and her husband, loving them both, and certainly too fond of them to let them down by ever getting into trouble again.

There's another Peter—Peter Burgess.

He came before the same court, the same chairman, with his bony arms protruding scraggily from a tattered coat. He was dirty. He was ill.

Peter's Chance

For three nights he had been sleeping out.

Peter had obviously to be remanded—but to where ?

The remand home was already full, and with naughty boys at that. And, poverty being no crime, Peter was not a criminal.

Mr. Watson, the chairman, had a telephone call put through while Peter waited.

To a house in Hampshire where he intended to spend the week-end with friends.

"Can I bring another guest with me—and can he stay a fortnight ?"

And the answer was "Yes."

They went down in Mr. Watson's car.

Peter had never seen the country before, so magistrate and shaggy-haired, pallid, shabby little boy stopped to look over the rolling downs.

He was shown sheep and lambs.

"Where do they sleep?" he asked.

He was horrified to find they stayed out all night . . . He had had his share of staying out, knew how cruel the morning winds could be.

"But they have thick coats to protect them from the cold," said the magistrate.

But it didn't matter. "All I can say," said Peter, "is that it oughtn't to be allowed."

Peter, who had never known any rights in fifteen years of life until he bobbed up in a Juvenile Court, was arguing the rights of little animals !

At the end of the week-end the magistrate returned to London and Peter stayed to eat huge meals.

After a week a fat, grubby envelope reached Mr. Watson.

It was headed : "My life story from the age of seven, Peter Burgess."

His Story

It was a story of poverty and want, of a father who only came home to sell the furniture or sponge on the mother or deny the children were his, of death coming to the mother as a merciful release—but not for the children.

Mr. Watson pleads for magistrates of the right age, training and mentality to understand children.

John Gray, aged thirteen, stole because he wanted to go to camp with older boys.

After the court had sent him to a real camp at the seaside, he didn't steal again.

Arthur Biggs gave up stealing when he was cured of a bad squint that gave him a tremendous inferiority complex.

Absent fathers, working mothers, inadequate schooling, bombed homes, unfamiliar surroundings, excessive wages—they all help to give children a raw deal.

But poverty, slums and other social evils—worst of all, a broken home—these are the real roots of evil.

Mr. Watson doesn't ask a child whether he is guilty. He asks whether he did it.

He doesn't speak stuff like : "We magistrates have a duty to society to protect, etc." He says : "You're a mean little sneak."

And all the time the youngster mustn't be made to feel it is him against the court.

Little Things Count

When he comes back—six months after he was put on his honour—you must remember him, remember little things about him revealed at the hearing.

Asking "How's your tortoise getting on ?" helps to win him.

Small things—but very important.

And it is highly important to get the right types of magistrate.

Surely, he concludes, the fundamental qualifications should be impartiality and a capacity to administer justice rather than a record of achievement, however admirable, in the world of politics.

Altogether, Mr. Watson's book represents the biggest contribution to the literature of child welfare we have had for years.

In a foreword, the Lord Chief Justice hopes that every magistrate sitting in a Juvenile Court will read it. ("The Child and the Magistrate," by Mr. John A. F. Watson, published by Jonathan Cape at 10s. 6d.)

MAURICE FAGENCE

CAN EUROPE

By A. G. GA

A NEW phase of the war has opened. The initiative has passed from Hitler. He no longer "rides the whirlwind and directs the storm." He is on the defensive.

The vision of universal conquest by *blitzkrieg* has faded. His new strategy is based on a war of attrition. Its keystone is the conversion of Europe into an impregnable fortress that he will hold until the enemy are exhausted and cry "Hold! Enough."

If we are to appreciate the significance of this change, we must remember that until now Hitler's total victory has always been "just round the corner." In July, 1940, it was so immediate and so certain that the standards and banners were erected in Unter den Linden and left standing for a month.

A year ago this week Hitler sent Dr. Dietrich hot-foot from the Russian front to tell the assembled Press representatives in Berlin that "the war in the East has achieved its objective: the annihilation of the enemy. . . . Stalin's armies have simply disappeared from the face of the earth."

At the beginning of this year Hitler predicted that Russia would be wiped off the map of the war and all would be over by this autumn.

★ ★ ★

NOW THE AUTUMN HAS COME AND THE WINTER IS ON ITS HEELS, AND HITLER AND GOERING HAVE DISCARDED THE MANTLE OF PROPHECY.

THEY HAVE CEASED TO TALK OF THE VICTORY "JUST ROUND THE CORNER." THEY ARE PREPARING FOR A SIEGE, FOR A LONG WAR, FOR A WAR OF EXHAUSTION.

"Time is on our side," says Ribbentrop. They have made such a fortress of Europe that it will never be taken. The *mot d'ordre* is no longer of the invincible attack, but of the invincible defence—not that the enemy cannot resist him, but that the enemy cannot defeat him.

It is the admission that he has lost the initiative, and that Germany is now fighting a defensive war. "What we have we hold. You cannot take it from us. You will batter our fortress in vain. You will fall exhausted before we shall."

Seen in the light of the calculations on which Hitler based his lightning war in 1939, this is an acknowledgment of defeat. It was not he who then said, "Time is on our side : we can wait and win."

That was our faith then. It was our faith after Dunkirk, even after the fall of France, when we stood alone. It is more than ever our faith now that mighty allies are with us.

Hitler did not fight to gain time. He fought to defeat time. He ran a race with time. He almost won it. But to-day he knows that he has lost it. And, in losing it, we believe that he has lost the war.

BUT, MOMENTOUS AS THE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS NEW STRATEGY OF DEFENCE ARE, DO NOT LET US DECEIVE OURSELVES. DO NOT LET US SUPPOSE THAT THE POWER OF HITLER IS BROKEN.

he war has opened. The
passed from Hitler. He
ides the whirlwind and
storm." He is on the

universal conquest by
d. His new strategy is
attrition. Its keystone is
rope into an impregnable
hold until the enemy are
Hold! Enough."
reciate the significance of
ust remember that until
victory has always been
rner." In July, 1940, it
and so certain that the
ers were erected in Unter
standing for a month.
is week Hitler sent Dr.
rom the Russian front to
Press representatives in
r in the East has achieved
nnihilation of the enemy.
have simply disappeared
earth."
g of this year Hitler pre-
would be wiped off the map
ll would be over by this

★ ★

**AUTUMN HAS COME
ER IS ON ITS HEELS,
AND GOERING HAVE
E MANTLE OF PRO-**

**CEASED TO TALK OF
"JUST ROUND THE
EY ARE PREPARING
OR A LONG WAR, FOR
AUSTION.**

ur side," says Ribbentrop.
such a fortress of Europe
e taken. The *mot d'ordre*
e invincible attack, but of
nce—not that the enemy
but that the enemy cannot

ssion that he has lost the
Germany is now fighting
"What we have we hold.
from us. You will batter
n. You will fall exhausted

ght of the calculations on
his lightning war in 1939,
dgment of defeat. It was
aid, "Time is on our side:
in."
faith then. It was our
rk, even after the fall of
ood alone. It is more than
w that mighty allies are

*fight to gain time. He
ime. He ran a race with
won it. But to-day he
lost it. And, in losing it,
has lost the war.*

**NTOUS AS THE IMPLI-
THIS NEW STRATEGY
ARE, DO NOT LET US
ELVES. DO NOT LET
THAT THE POWER OF
OKEN.**

EUROPE BECOME A FORTRESS?

By A. G. GARDINER

It is not broken. It is too soon yet to say that it is even breaking.

He has had crushing failures—in his plans for the invasion of Britain, in his designs on the Suez, in the rout of his jackal in Abyssinia, above all, in the colossal miscalculation about Russia.

★ ★ ★

But against all this he can set successes as sensational, even more sensational than those of Napoleon. He holds Europe in the hollow of his hand more completely than Napoleon held it, even after Jena.

Apart from Gibraltar, and leaving Russia aside, there is not a foot of soil on the whole Continent where a British soldier can shoulder a rifle or a port where a British ship can take refuge.

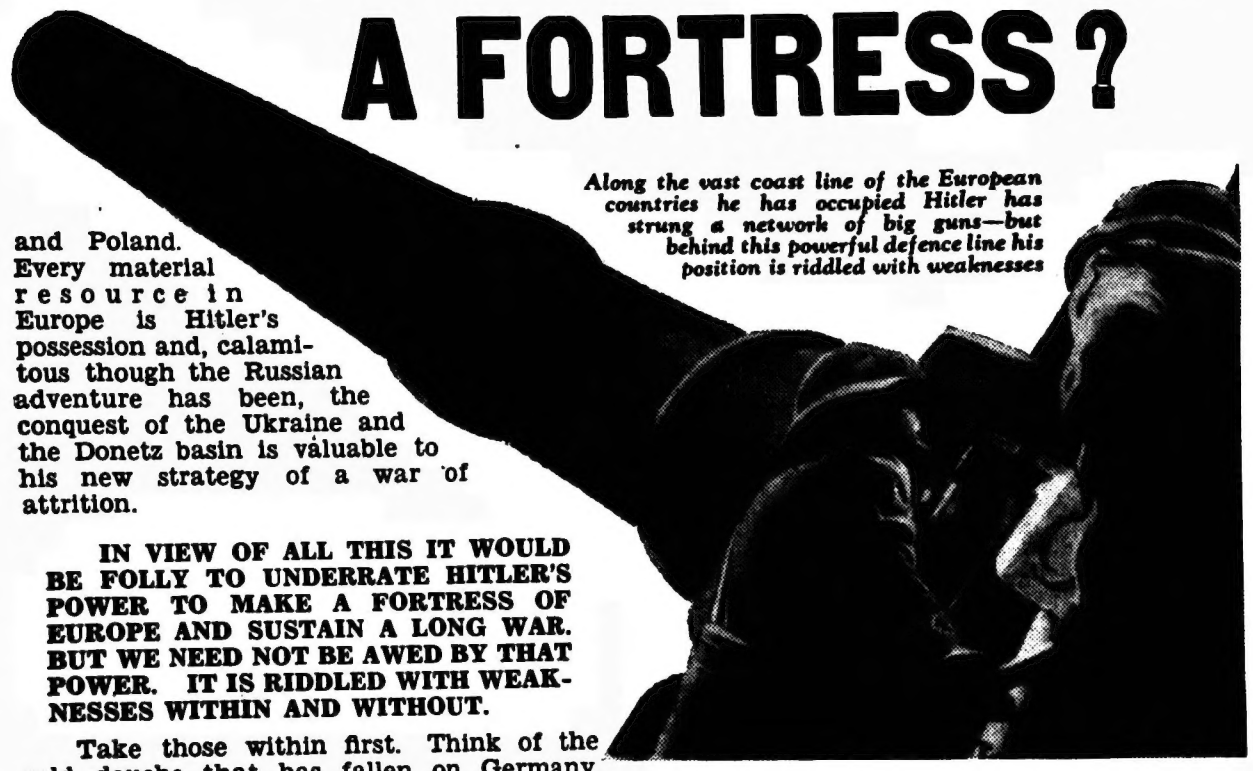
His Gestapo rules every country with an iron hand. There is not a factory or furnace, shipyard or arsenal that is not working to his orders. The labour of the whole Continent is at his command. He sends it to recruit his armies or to build his guns, his tanks and his 'planes as he chooses.

The loot of a score of nations is in his hands. The food of the whole Continent is in his control.

He can use famine as a whip. He butchers or starves the rebellious and buys the traitors through their bellies.

"If Europe starves, Germany will starve last," says that fat blackguard, Fire-raiser Goering, as he lays his plundering hands on the harvests of Rumania and France, Hungary and Poland.

Every material resource in Europe is Hitler's possession and, calamitous though the Russian adventure has been, the conquest of the Ukraine and the Donetz basin is valuable to his new strategy of a war of attrition.



Along the vast coast line of the European countries he has occupied Hitler has strung a network of big guns—but behind this powerful defence line his position is riddled with weaknesses

IN VIEW OF ALL THIS IT WOULD BE FOLLY TO UNDERRATE HITLER'S POWER TO MAKE A FORTRESS OF EUROPE AND SUSTAIN A LONG WAR. BUT WE NEED NOT BE AWED BY THAT POWER. IT IS RIDDLED WITH WEAKNESSES WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Take those within first. Think of the cold douche that has fallen on Germany. Instead of the swift victory she looked for, she is now promised a war of exhaustion with an incalculable end.

She looks eastward to the graveyard of her million dead. No hope of a decision there.

She looks westward to the gathering might that is blasting her cities from the air and foreshadows what is to come. She knows that her own power is at the maximum, but that that might is growing in volume day by day.

We do not need the assurances of those who know Germany in these days of disillusion that a blanket of despair is falling on the nation.

We know it from the lips of Hitler, and Goering when they alternately bully or cajole the people. Listen to Hitler, addressing the Reichstag:

"No matter what camouflage covers any attempt to disturb this German front, to undermine our people's will to resist, to weaken the authority of the Government or sabotage the efforts of the home front—the guilty one will fall."

Imagine, if you can, Churchill talking like that to the British people or Roosevelt to the American people or Stalin to the Russian people. Imagine our peoples needing such threats. Think of the concentration camps, of the lash of the Gestapo, of the mass shootings of the disaffected like those at Mannheim.

★ ★ ★

And if this is the state of Germany, what of the ocean of anger that boils around the base of Hitler's jerry-built empire, from Norway to Yugoslavia—in France and Poland, in Holland and Belgium, in Czechoslovakia and Greece? Everywhere hate only awaits the hour to strike and the signal of deliverance.

No, we need not be awed by this show of power. It is shot through with rottenness. It carries in it the seeds of its own destruction. Time is not with it. Time has defeated it. Time has turned the scales and given us the initiative. It is not we who need fear a long war.

BUT THE PRESENT IS THE TIME FOR ACTION. NOW IS THE HOUR TO STRIKE WITH EVERYTHING WE HAVE NOW THAT HITLER'S NEW STRATEGY PROCLAIMS THAT HE IS AT BAY.

The coming offensive must be unleashed while the enemy is locked in a death grapple in Russia. It must be unleashed by air and sea and land, in Egypt and the Mediterranean, and against his great bastion in the West.

And while we strike at the fortress from without, let us see that the powder magazine within shakes Hitler's stronghold to its foundations.

HIS MURDER GANGS ARE DOING OUR WORK. THEY HAVE MADE EUROPE A VOLCANO. LET US GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR ITS ERUPTION.

Denmark is Helping Us to Win

WHATEVER Hitler may be able to do to Denmark while he holds Europe in his grip, he will never succeed in bringing the soul of this gallant little country any nearer to his gangster methods.

Denmark—the real Denmark—longs for victory by the United Nations as anxiously as any of the other countries under Nazi rule.

★ ★ ★

And many people do not realise how much the Danes are helping us.

They had little chance to stem the tide of Nazi invasion in 1940. They knew, as well as their British friends knew, that Denmark could not be defended against the Nazi hordes, who simply rushed across the border to swallow the country up.

But as soon as they had recovered from the shock they did all they could.

Every Danish ship that could slip away from German guards tried to reach a British or a U.S.A. port. Every sailor who could get away joined the United Nations.

To-day over 500,000 tons of Danish shipping are at the service of the United Nations. More than 4,000 Danish sailors help to bring food and supplies to Britain.

Free Danes in Britain have created a Danish Council, and Christian Moeller, one of Denmark's respected democratic politicians, risked his life to escape from occupied Denmark to come to Britain and fight the Nazis side by side with us.

To-day, Danish soldiers are proudly wearing the uniform of the British Army.

A Danish flight goes out on raids against Germany with the R.A.F.

Many Spitfires have been bought from contributions of Free Danes who live in this country.

Inside Denmark the underground struggle against the German army of occupation goes on relentlessly, although we hear little of it.

Denmark's population of only 4,000,000 has always tied down a German army of 60,000 men. And Denmark does not make the life of these 60,000 too happy.

They had strict orders to behave correctly. But a German army of occupation arouses hatred and contempt even if it obeys these orders. The Danes have shown how they hate and despise the Nazis.

Not a single politician has been found who would collaborate with them. They had to bolster up the ridiculously small Danish Nazi Party.

★ ★ ★

But when they showered favours on Fritz Claussen, the Danish Nazi leader, his own compatriots ostracised him. When the Danish "volunteers" returned from the Russian front where they had fought with the Nazis, the people in the streets of Copenhagen ridiculed and attacked them

Even though the Nazis pretended that they would not interfere in Denmark's internal affairs, they have arrested and tortured many Danes whom they caught trying to escape to Britain.

They have swarmed over the rich agricultural countryside of Denmark like locusts and have eaten or carted everything away on which they could lay their hands.

★ ★ ★

More than one-fifth of Denmark's national wealth goes to pay for the German occupation. Denmark's livestock has been recklessly slaughtered to feed hungry Germans. Danish eggs are being shipped to Germany every day.

The greedy Nazis even kill the hens that lay the eggs, damaging Denmark's poultry industry for years to come.

But Danish farmers see to it that not everything falls into German hands. A silent but determined agreement binds them to obstruct everything German in the country.

Free Danes all over the world assist the grim struggle of their countrymen. King Christian, the great old gentleman, shows his contempt for Hitler.

The Nazis have failed in their attempt to present the world with the picture of a Model Protectorate. They have also failed to sap the Danish people's will to resist them until liberation comes.

SHARKS BRING OUT THE XMAS RACKETS

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

IT'S the early crook who captures the biggest booty, and this year the Christmas crooks have already prepared for bumper profits.

They did extremely well in peace time. Now, with so many goods rationed and restricted, these specialists in profiteering aim at holding the public to ransom.

Surely it is intolerable that they should be allowed to turn Santa Claus into a Black Market trafficker and reap fortunes from wines and spirits, toys, cosmetics, stockings, turkeys and chocolates!

Liquor Loopholes

Tremendous gains are already being made, for example, from the sale of wines and spirits to people who may not drink much as a rule but who "like a bottle for Christmas."

I do not pretend to understand why the Board of Trade has not yet decided to control the prices of liquor generally.

But I do know that the Board's omission makes it possible for grasping merchants—many of whom should not be allowed to trade at all—to charge any price they like.

True, the Board introduced an Order last June to make it unlawful for anyone to offer wines and spirits for sale if they were not in the licensing trade before September, 1939.

Unfortunately, many newcomers have protected themselves by buying up old licences.

Knowing that the shortage this year will be more acute than ever, many firms are making their offers by circulars through the post.

They say they have various kinds of drink available, but cannot accept small orders.

Some will do business only with people willing to buy specified quantities at prices which allow the dealers between 400 and 500 per cent. profit!

There are wine shops now where faked liquor is sold under fancy names—and the label on the bottle often bears the name of a firm which doesn't exist!

Some of these concoctions are made from wood alcohol and fruit essences; Customs and Excise officials recently seised bottles of "sherry" which was a mixture of adulterated spirit and red pepper.

Throughout the country, too, there is a wicked racket in toys.

Of course, reputable dealers have had to raise their prices because of the lack of timber and metal, and the severe restrictions on the manufacture of toys.

But in shops and stalls run by Black Marketmen, and through the advertisements of unknown mail order firms, the most preposterous prices are being obtained.

Here are some of the "bargains" one of my investigators was offered:

Scandalous Prices

Picture books, consisting of a few leaves of poor paper on which highly coloured figures were crudely painted, 6s.

Toy engines, badly constructed of common wood on wobbly wooden wheels, 5s. —though before the war dealers would have been lucky to get 1s. for either.

"Tanks," worth about 4d., were on sale at 5s. and 7s. 6d. Toy animals, made of old rags and turned out at a total cost of 8d. or 9d., ranged in price from 4s. to 9s.

Doll-houses, of inferior cardboard with badly glued "fittings," were on sale on the "take it or leave it" basis for as much as £2, while one wooden horse, very inferior in quality, was £2 10s.

One toy "bargain" before me consists of a few pieces of cheap wood which, when assembled, make a tiny, crude toy.

The deceptive cardboard box in which it is sold is over a foot in length—and 2s. 6d. is the price demanded.

600 per cent. Profit

This racket is all the more scandalous because many of the toys have been made in basement factories from oddments of timber and metal collected from bombed premises.

Cases have been reported, indeed, where toys made voluntarily by Civil Defence Workers in their spare time from salvage scrapments have been sold by grasping dealers at prices 4s. and 5s. more than their worth.

Toy wheelbarrows, for which traders would not have had the cheek to ask three or four shillings before the war, cannot now be bought under 15s. or more. Even so, they are very roughly made.

In fact, many toys are bringing unscrupulous dealers between 500 and 600 per cent. profit.

Lipsticks, powders, scents, scent sprays, leather bags and combs are among the other goods for which outrageous prices are being charged by market-place dealers who deliberately evade the regulations, give no receipts, and do not keep proper invoices.

The police recently investigated a case in which large quantities of price-controlled goods were sold in market-places by men who gave invoices bearing a fictitious address at Hammersmith.

Cosmetics are always in great demand for Christmas gifts, and quite a number of unknown brands have suddenly appeared.

Though sold at the controlled prices, they are largely rubbish, and Scotland Yard is trying to track down their Black Market source of supply.

Among the other Christmas bluffers for whom you should watch are the "seasonal" charity appealers and the bogus sweepstake promoters.

A Bit too Dangerous

Those who try the old charity collecting dodges this year are not likely to be very successful, as the new Act of Parliament has made the game a bit too dangerous for most of them.

Though Scotland Yard lately warned one band of annual crusaders that the sternest action would be taken if they carried out their plans for this year, I feel certain that someone else will take the risk.

He'll know that before action can be taken he'll have collected all the funds—and that when the case comes to court months later he will probably have only a small fine to pay!

So, if you receive an unsolicited book of "sweep" tickets, ignore it.

Naturally I am pleased to hear that Chief Inspector I. MacDonald—recently promoted to control Scotland Yard's new "war frauds" department—is paying special attention to the Christmas crooks.

But if the racket is to be stopped in time he must be aided by a concerted campaign from other authorities and the *utmost co-operation from the general public.*

Chief Inspector I. McDonald, of Scotland Yard, is in charge of a new force specially detailed to run war cheats to earth

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. J. Moloney, Richmond Road, Olton, Birmingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are welcomed on any matter requiring comment or inquiry. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HERE'S A BLUFFER IN A NEW ROLE

"MISSING relatives and friends. Information and tracing of same. Unique methods. Write Secretary, The Westminster Agency, 18, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2."

Many anxious relatives, particularly those whose men-folk in the Services have been reported missing, might naturally be interested enough in advertisements worded like this to send for particulars.

For many reasons I strongly advise them to do nothing of the kind.

* * *

The office from which this offer emanates is small and practically unfurnished. An elderly man attends there at somewhat irregular intervals.

He is J. C. Newland, who lives at Jews Walk, Sydenham, London, S.E.26, from whence most of the work of the "Westminster Agency" appears to be conducted.

In an interview he gave recently to an investigator seeking information, Newland was very vague and unconvincing about the actual work this agency is supposed to do.

He was strangely silent about the "unique methods" to which his advertisement relates, and it is obvious that the whole venture is really only a trading alias for himself.

* * *

I have known him for years as an expert in fee-snatching enterprises, a number of which were only disguised matrimonial agencies.

In my opinion this richly-titled but very hole-in-the-corner venture should be ignored.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

IS A PEOPLE'S PARTY POSSIBLE?

● "Every political Party," complains a reader, "is tainted by some form of self-interest. Is the prospect of a true People's Party, one that would strive to secure fair play for all, an unrealisable ideal?"

If such a Party were attempted it would almost certainly break up over what "fair play for all" means.

Britain is a two-Party country—one demanding urgent reforms and the other one impeding, or at least retarding, them.

No so-called People's Party could exist without the backing of Labour, which has a solid 8,326,131 vote, and which would justifiably suspect any new grouping which might strengthen what it fears might become a wholesale attack on wages.

As I see it, the Primate's new crusade will force on the Tories great concessions.

The alternative, again, as I see it, is the death of the Tory Party.

No, in the end, people will line themselves up behind two opposed groups. Had this not been so, there would have been a People's Party many years ago.

SHOULD OUR CITIES BE FORTIFIED?

● Because Stalingrad was fortified street by street, and house by house, and because its buildings were linked by tunnels with ammunition and arms dumped everywhere, some people think this should happen in Britain.

The plain truth is that all this defence talk is apt to weaken, today, the morale of a nation which, more and more, believes in attack. You cannot waste on defence war materials needed for offensive action.

Few now consider a German attempt at invasion likely, except as a last desperate blow.

Stalingrad was not divided from the German forces by the seas. More than that, the Nazis were not very far from it when the plans to make it an eternal fortress were carried out.

SHOULD WE REASSURE THE GERMANS?

● All the Nazi leaders in turn seek to create internal unity by repeating dreadful threats about Germany's fate should she lose the war.

Nearly all these threats, in fact, have been made by irresponsible people here. They are worth several army corps to the Germans.

The Government should immediately disown them and, more than that, take every step that is possible to split the more enlightened German people from the criminal Nazi leaders.

Unfortunately, one is almost led to believe from our broadcasting policy, for which the Foreign Office is responsible, that certain people in Whitehall are afraid of a revolution in Germany.

The seeds of revolt should be sown everywhere in Europe. They might shorten the war by a year.

"Punish the Germans" is the most potent weapon we have yet forged. Unfortunately, we have made a present of it to our enemies.

THE PASSWORD WAS RABBITS

Mr. Puckley pricked up his ears, moved a little closer to the partition as their tones dropped to a confidential mutter

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

By

HEDLEY BARKER

ARRIVING at the *Blue Boar*, Mr. Puckley shot a quick glance left and right. Ridiculous, really, for nobody could possibly have seen him—the blackout was in being. But Mr. Puckley's uneasy conscience made him furtive.

He was doing wrong, he was deceiving Emily. Emily would have been staggered to know that Mr. Puckley was a frequenter of public-houses.

Come to that, Mr. Puckley was a bit staggered himself. Before the war a bottle of ginger wine at Christmas was the nearest approach he had ever made to riotous living, and he hadn't seen the inside of a pub more than twice in his life.

And, anyway, he couldn't have afforded it. Now, however, things were different. All things considered, it wasn't a bad old war. With three hundred registered customers on his books Mr. Puckley was doing well.

Behold Mr. Puckley then as one of the Saturday nighters. On all other nights he entered his house promptly at six-fifteen. But on Saturdays he stayed behind at the shop to refill his shelves ready for Monday morning.

Amazing what a bit of social life did for a chap. Mr. Puckley enjoyed his Saturday nights to the top of his bent. Under the influence of the *Blue Boar* he blossomed unbelievably.

An innocent pastime in all conscience, and all would no doubt have been well if Mr. Puckley had been content with his lot. But more wants more, and there was a certain clique to be met within the saloon bar on a Saturday night that set the pangs of envy moving in his breast.

Men of the world, these, in a way which Mr. Puckley could never have compassed. Loud, confident, breezy, well dressed, with diamonds that made Mr. Puckley's tie-pin look like the paltry ten pounds' worth which it was, and a way with pound notes that suggested they were no more than waste paper.

Amongst the more staid of the *Blue Boar's* clientele there were whispers. The Black Market was mentioned. Hams, and tongues, and cheese, butter by the barrow-load, bacon by the ton. Mr. Puckley pricked up his ears.

On the counter in the *Blue Boar* was one of those coloured glass partitions dividing the saloon from the lounge. One Saturday night Mr. Puckley was standing by this partition when he began to listen to a conversation conducted in low tones from the other side of it.

"Just got hold of a small parcel of butter. Thirty pounds. Not much, but useful. Cheerio."

"The best," said Alf. "Well, I might——"

"The price," put in Alf's companion, "is three bob a pound, cash on delivery. Snip. Dirt cheap. Sold in pounds, it's fetching. . . ."

"Right," said Alf. "I'll buy."

"Good man. Now listen. You can pick up the stuff to-night—eight-thirty if that'll suit you. There'll be a password—'Rabbits.' Got to be careful, see? And you'll wear a white carnation in your buttonhole."

"But," said Alf, "I haven't got——"

"Now don't be silly," said the other, "there's one here." Under the partition Mr. Puckley saw a hand stretch out and remove a white flower from a vase.

"You know the green at the corner of Acorn Avenue? There's an oak tree there. If you'll arrange to be there at eight-thirty I'll 'phone our man to meet you. He'll say 'What's the word?' You'll say 'Rabbits.' The flower in your buttonhole will clinch it. You give him four pound ten, he gives you a suitcase full of you know what. That O.K.?"

"Seems simple enough," conceded Alf.

"Right. Just time for another, then you'd better be on your way."

It was curiosity—a kind of fascination—that decided Mr. Puckley to see this thing through, be in at the death, so to speak.

It would, he felt, be no end of a lark to trail the unsuspecting Alf to the oak-tree on the green, to hear him give the password, see the case change hands.

And then what? All at once, Mr. Puckley could see possibilities hitherto undreamed of. Why not shadow the other fellow to his home? Make a note of the address? Recount the whole business to the police?

"Heavy sentences for Black Market Operators. Grocer commended in Court."

In his imagination Mr. Puckley could see the headlines in his morning paper, his own name printed in the first paragraph. *"Had it not been for the smart work of Mr. Horace Puckley . . ."*

By this time Mr. Puckley was burning with zeal, determined to do his duty as an honest citizen. And when Alf came out of the door Mr. Puckley, in the moonlight, was staring intently in the opposite direction.

Alf was easy. Mr. Puckley saw at once that Alf wasn't the kind of man who looked over his shoulder, and the journey to Acorn Avenue promised to pass without incident.

It didn't. Half-way to his destination Mr. Puckley saw something on the pavement which gave him a start. He stooped, picked it up.

A white carnation.

IT didn't take Mr. Puckley a split second to make up his mind. In an instant he had crossed the road. Alf would be coming back for his white carnation. Without it the password was not enough.

Alf did come back. Mr. Puckley saw him on the opposite pavement, head down, hurrying, at twenty-five minutes past eight.

And, five minutes later, Mr. Puckley heard a voice asking: "What's the word?"

Was it real? Had he really stuck a white carnation in his buttonhole? Or was he asleep in the *Blue Boar* dreaming it all?

"Rabbits," said Mr. Puckley, in a queer, croaking voice.

Twenty minutes later, having parted with four pounds ten, he dumped thirty pounds of butter behind the shrubbery in the garden. Emily was waiting for him. There was also a smell of cooking, very appetising.

"Where have you been?" demanded Emily, a little grimly, Mr. Puckley thought.

"Why," he said, "at the shop."

"Well, you must have left it pretty early. You weren't there at eight o'clock, anyway."

"I don't know what time I left, not to a quarter of an hour. I went for a walk when I closed up. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Well—the place has been burgled, that's all."

"Burgled? Did they take——"

"Thirty pounds of butter," said Emily. "Are you ready for your supper? It's rabbit."

Mr. Puckley sat down heavily. "No," he said. "No thanks, Emily."

Human Machine

NO LIMITS

If you are to remain mentally fit you must continually reach out to what may be called the larger life.

We must have some enthusiasm—what it may be does not matter a great deal so long as it is a real enthusiasm—that drives us forward and continually creates interest.

But that alone is too narrow a vista for mental fitness.

We need something outside ourselves, just as in the physical world we need some additional exercise to that of merely moving around to keep us really fit and well.

Do you read? Do you discuss? What you read and what you discuss is a sure index to your desire to lead either a narrow life or a larger and deeper life.

There is much to know, much to find out, much to be thought about and decided. How much time, if any, do you devote to anything outside your range of immediate and domestic interests?

That is another measure of your desire to be really fit mentally.

You can't live a larger and fuller life unless you are prepared to go to the trouble of doing your own thinking. That is the whole point of it.

Remember that, unlike the physical world, the mental world has no fixed horizons. You can make your own. Far or near—the choice is freely yours.

MIX WELL AND STIR

HEADLINE in my daily paper first puzzles me and then makes me sit up with a jerk.

It reads, "CARDINALS WIN WORLD SERIES."

At first sight this seems to be a cross between a billiards tournament and a religious convention; which is what puzzles me. But when I read beneath the headline I find it refers to a baseball championship in New York.

★ ★ ★

That's one of the many things the war has done. But for the war there wouldn't be enough people over this side to care whether Cardinals win World Series or not.

But now that headline is first-rate news in an English paper, with thousands of people turning to it eagerly. And, as things have turned out, not only Americans.

Long after the war is over and the last American soldier has gone back there will be people over here agitated as to the Cardinals' chances in some future World Series.

For years we have said "Oh yeah?" and "Sez you!" and other things they say over there. Now we are beginning to take an interest in what happens at the Yankee Stadium.

We are becoming Americanised. We have been for a generation.

But there are two sides to every penny. My radio tells me that the doughboys are rapidly picking up and liking to say English expressions they have never heard before. "Bloke," I understand, is a special favourite of theirs.

Perhaps, in long years to come, some hard-bitten old Klondiker will turn to his partner and say: "There's gold in them yar hills, my top-hole old bloke."

Perhaps, in long years to come, American tourists over here will hear some Englishman say: "Old-timer, you've sure spilt a bibful." And turn to his friend and remark: "Really, these English use the most perishin' quaint expressions, old boy, what?"

War mixes well and keeps on stirring. War and the talkies. . . .

We have picked up their language and interests. They are picking up ours. And now they are picking up our food, as we have picked up spam and waffles and such.

It makes you think. How will it all end?

We wear American, eat American, talk American. They are heading fast to the time when they will wear English, eat English, talk English.

It's like a see-saw.

Two more generations and the national sport of Britain may be baseball, the national sport of America, cricket. They'll have to come to London for their idea of a square meal; we shall have to go to New York for a real old English dinner.

Before the war they had taken most of our old manor houses and rebuilt them in Kentucky. After the war they'll probably buy the Boat Race and the Derby

★ ★ ★

And we'll turn Oxford Street into Broadway and unveil Niagara Falls somewhere up in Scotland.

Mix well and stir. Yes, it's very interesting.

But what a waste of time for Christopher Columbus. If only he'd have known he could have stayed here and waited for America to come to him.

A. G.

★ Furious fighting in Stalingrad's streets, a revolt in Occupied Europe, a convoy's struggle against storm and U-boat—all the breath-taking incidents of war help to fashion a powerful new weapon of the air. Here's the fascinating story of just how it's done

In a gale first thoughts go to saving the cargo of danger lashed on the decks. While that's being done the lurking U-boats are forgotten

Radio Realism is Sniping Critics

MEN of Britain's Merchant Navy, who can't be kept ashore by peril and U-boats, run into another "nothing-to-write-home-about" gale somewhere along the vital Atlantic life-line.

Forty-feet waves, whipped up by the gale's force, break over the ship, to hammer thunderously against the two hundred and fifty barrels of "Dangerous Cargo" lashed on deck.

Each contains a thousand pounds of danger.

They strain and creak under the weight of the buffeting. Several are torn loose, the waves picking them up and hurling them about the deck as if they were as light as corks.

Every one damaged adds to the peril. But those seamen, often swept off their feet, fight furiously to recover them and get them lashed again.

Several men are badly injured and carried to safety.

Easier Prey

Their mates battle on with the barrels. They "heave-to" in order to cope better with the task. The ship lags behind, becoming an easier prey to lurking U-boats.

The gale blows itself out, and only then can they make that dangerous cargo really secure once more and go full steam ahead to find the other ships and their escort.

When they do catch up they're just in time; darkness is coming on and the convoy is changing course.

Another grim, almost everyday adventure of the Atlantic has ended in triumph!

Even without the added anxiety of dangerous cargo, those seamen's ordeal is ceaseless. They know that U-boats, despite all the hazard they bring, are not the worst side of this sturdy sea pilgrimage.

The real strain is the terrific tension that goes with keeping in convoy in difficult conditions a lot of ships, some of them old ones pressed into urgent service.

Hour after hour they sail on. Often they cannot see each other in darkness, mist and fog; but their crews know that ships are all around them and wonder which one may run into them.

All the time there's a struggle to avoid collision—and that's the real miracle behind "The convoy got through."

Sometimes, too, it is the miracle that allows listeners to hear over their radio the re-enacted dramas of ourselves and our allies that are the highspots of British broadcasting's new realism.

For on that ship with the dangerous cargo, sharing the sailors' ordeal, was an observer gathering first-hand material for one of those realistic broadcasts.

These "Fighting Features" are the radio's most recently organised war weapon, the dramatised "True Story of . . ." which, shunning wordy propaganda, strikes home its own moral.

They are as different from prattling and preaching as modern battle drill is from the old spit-and-polish of the barrack square.

Some of these dramas, like those in "Marching On," "Britain to America" and "Into Battle," are the fastest productions yet out on the air.

Listen in for a moment at the command post of O.C., Fighting Features, where a weekly "Marching On" is being born.

It is Monday morning and what is planned to-day must be gathered, written, cast, re-enacted, and broadcast long before the week is out.

The Director of Features produces a plan based from actual happenings on the battle fronts.

A scene of Britain at war . . . an episode in Stalingrad's defence . . . a much-wounded American sergeant's Jap-killing story of the Solomons . . . a revolt in unconquered Norway.

Producers and script-writers suggest others The best are chosen.

Swift Collaboration

"What will most hearten and inspire the Forces and Home Fronts here and overseas" is the deciding factor.

The planners break up. If there's time to reach the actual scene, the Service Ministries give swift collaboration

By Wednesday the dramas have taken shape, the actors are found, cast and rehearsed from a stock company, the musical director has added sound background and accompaniment.

By Thursday "Marching On" is going over the air to many lands.

When observers go far afield to the fighting scene, there is often grim, real-life drama behind these broadcasts.

Front-line Maurice Brown, who was in that "Dangerous Cargo" ship, sailed on another occasion with six hundred tons of explosive in the general cargo.

The crew just made a joke of the fact that if they were hit they were for the high jump!

One fireman handed his life-jacket to the chief engineer with the wisecrack: "We don't want this on this trip. What we want is a parachute."

That's how much the U-boats have failed to sink the British sailor's morale.

Another time, this observer sailed through E-boat Alley—that narrow North Sea passage which is safe from our mines but not always from the enemy's.

The crews had a destroyer escort, but every moment there was tension because of the risk of hitting a stray mine and from the circling but unseen E-boats.

They felt lucky when, the trip over, they were told that just after they passed through a very narrow channel three hastily laid mines were swept up.

Then, when out with the minesweepers, there was the weird experience of watching a battle between E-boats and our own M.T.B.s without hearing them.

America Likes It

Our fast little boats—Spitfires of the seas—were fighting it out in the darkness, only their star shells and tracers telling story of the combat.

Not until this summer, nearly three years after we went to war and eight months after America's entry into it, did British radio win a regular place on the American air.

It was won by a true-story Fighting Feature, the sort of wireless weapon our friends and allies appreciate as a lively presentation of our case and a counter-blast to anti-British opinion.

"Britain to America," the programme which provides direct contact with Uncle Sam's hundred and thirty millions, began last July when the National Broadcasting Company offered us half an hour a week to tell the story of Britain at war.

"Can you start in two weeks' time?" they asked at short notice. We did.

Every week now over a network of 130 stations from coast to coast, Americans hear their announcers introducing us in such words as: "This is an open window through which we shall see something of our allies as they show themselves in a programme they have written and produced for us. Over to Britain!"

And this latest serial-from-real-life has had a glad welcome from an ally so bent on realism that during the Battle of London its own broadcasters stood shouting, "This is Trafalgar Square. Nazi bombs are falling. Listen. Can you hear them . . .?"

"Station XI"

It has proved so welcome, indeed, that another "Britain to America" series has been ordered.

Now, British broadcasting has started a "New Radio" workshop to attract fresh minds and ideas in presenting the voice of ourselves at war.

They symbolise it as a bunch of people fiddling a set and hitting upon a new wave-length.

This "Station XI" will best serve as another weapon if it learns the lesson of what listeners, even our most critical allies, want to hear most!

OUR BEST TIME

WE do our best when things are worst, strange though this may appear, but the sun looks never quite so bright as when black clouds are near. Hope rises highest when events threaten and destroy, and out of sorrow comes at last the full flood-tide of Joy.

WE keep on striving when there seems no more to hold nor save, we hear the Spring across the snow and see Heaven above the grave. We look up and believe when all our fortunes are downcast, and it is this Faith, above Life's Pain, that brings us to God at last. J. M.

VOICE

HERE'S a mixed bag of letters from the troops—from Egypt, the sea, and nearer home. First is the story of a dramatic escape from the enemy in the Middle East, told by Signaller R. P. Higgs in a letter to his father at Blewbury, Berks:

We were handed over by the Germans to the Italians, then marched many miles under the blazing sun, and arrived at a prisoners' compound, feeling tired, hungry and thirsty. Both food and water were short.

Next morning we heard the drone of 'planes, and, looking up, saw our own machines coming straight towards us.

The A.A. opened up, but our machines came right in and dropped their bombs right in the middle of a great collection of transport.

In a few moments it seemed that everything had been set on fire, and then our fighters came down and machined-gunned the Italians, who were running for their lives.

That night we seized our opportunity, too, and outwitted the guards (who were very slack, anyway). Getting under the wire, we set off through the darkness without food or water.

Our first difficulty was to get safely along the side of a minefield, where a false step meant a very quick finish.

We tramped on through the night and next morning until we had to lie down and rest. By this time our mouths were so dry that blisters were beginning to form on our lips, and it was difficult to speak.

Now we discovered that the only way to get through to our lines was to cut across some more minefields, and walk about five miles under shell-fire from both sides.

Somehow we managed to get through without a casualty, in spite of the heavy fire overhead and the danger from mines beneath the sand.

Eventually one of our armoured cars

HUMANIST IS

IT is curious how readers' problems seem to come in batches. During the last few days I have been reading letters about unusual love complications.

"I have got a pal of my own age who can neither read nor write," *says a young married man.* **"He is courting a nice girl, but I have the job of reading and writing all his letters!**

"Reading another man's love-letters makes me feel embarrassed and a bit ashamed.

"He leaves me to decide what to say and how to say it.

"Now this can't go on for ever. One of the letters might fall into my wife's hands, as she does not know about it. Don't you think my pal ought to tell his girl the truth?

Of course the girl ought to know the truth. She is getting a false impression of her *fiancé* and, sooner or later, she is bound to find out.

The man might salve his conscience, perhaps, by signing "per ——," but it would be best for the pal himself to break the news.

But it puzzles me to know how it happens that an adult man cannot read and write. Education has been compulsory ever since 1870. Surely he must have been to school in boyhood?

Apart from this, as the writer says, it is embarrassing to read another man's letters—letters intended for him alone. The girl will probably be intensely annoyed when she finds out that the letters she treasures are from a stranger.

OF THE TROOPS

spotted us and came racing out to pick us up. On the way in, the Germans tried to hit us, but we got through safely to our lines.

The first thing we did was to drink gallons of water; later, at the M.O.'s truck, I had some lovely tea, hot, sweet and strong, followed by soup.

Now I am resting; feel fit and well—and the food is marvellous.

STRANGE INSECTS

A. Gregory, Fleet Air Arm, sends a "nature note" to his family at Lambeth Street, Atherton, near Manchester:

Of all the queer creatures I've met in this land of Paradise it is the "praying mantis."

It is about six inches long, with a head shaped like a heart. And it has legs five inches long, with spikes on!

A vivid green colour, the "praying mantis," when touched, turns its head to the East, raises its front legs and bows to the ground like a Mohammedan praying to Allah.

Don't think the sun has affected my head, for one can see strange insects and animals out here without the help of alcohol.

BLOWN TO BLAZES

To many troops the voyage to a distant theatre of war has its excitement. A.C.M. Moffat, R.A.F., writes to his uncle at Sneyd Green, Stoke-on-Trent:

As we came out here our convoy ran into trouble, but succeeded in giving Jerry a bashing. During the first half of the programme we began to think that we were finished, but in the second half our lads started scoring—with the result that the blighters who had tried to down us were blown to blazes.

Then later, when the enemy came back and concentrated on two merchantmen, the Navy just came up and finished Jerry off, nice and tidy.

Things are looking up out here, and I hope to be back in good old Blighty next summer.

VISIT TO DIEPPE

A Commando who spent his honeymoon in Dieppe revisited the town recently under less happy circumstances, and writes to his wife living in the Midlands:

Do you remember Dieppe and the little hotel where we spent our honeymoon?

Well, darling, there was an ugly-looking machine-gun poking out of the hotel window when I dropped in on the town recently.

There were some "fireworks" at the Casino, but the wide promenade seemed deserted for a time. One of our tanks rumbled along the same road we took out of the town in the old car.

Strange how in a few years one lives the happiest and then the most hazardous hours in the same spot under very different circumstances!

However, everything goes in threes—and a third visit to Dieppe shall be ours one day, and we shall be more welcome than I was last week. Don't worry: I'm fine.

THRILLS AT LAST

Men on the ground staff in the R.A.F. experience periods of deadly monotony, but sometimes there are thrills. A.C.2 C. Burrell writes to wife at Lockharton Avenue, Edinburgh:

Two nights ago we had a little excitement. I was on night watch and feeling pretty well "browned off."

You know how it is, stuck away on a ground station, miles from anywhere, and nothing happening.

Suddenly we got in contact with a German 'plane over a Midlands town and were able to stop him from getting back home.

It all happened near the town where I did my technical training.

The real kick came this morning in a letter from my old landlady, saying that on the same night she had an incendiary through her roof.

I like to think that the Jerry 'plane that dropped it was the machine that we had "been able to do something about." Of course, I have written to the old landlady telling her I am still looking after her.

I ASK YOU!

To the troops serving abroad the arrival of parcels from home bring pleasure—and surprise. L.A.C. B. Cowlishaw, R.A.F., serving in the Desert, tells his parents at Fretson Road, Sheffield:

Two of the chaps received parcels from home—and what a laugh we had! One of the parcels contained two blocks of chocolate in a liquid state, and three slabs of toffee which had also melted. But the prize item of the lot was a packet of dates!

We can't get away from dates. We see them growing on palm trees, and we get them at almost every meal. To receive a lump of them from home is the last straw which breaks the camel's back.

The other parcel, which was posted some time before we left Blighty, was also a surprise packet. It contained a long woollen scarf, a thick pair of gloves, and a Balaclava helmet.

Very useful and comforting out in Iceland—but in this baking desert, I ask you!

All we are looking for now is a parcel from home containing a nice packet of sand and a tin of chilblain ointment!

★ **Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

FACED WITH A LOVE MIX-UP

ANOTHER letter comes from a widow of forty-five:

"I went in for a newspaper competition," *she writes*, "and used my daughter's very attractive name for luck.

"It stood me in good stead, and the name and address were subsequently published. It was an interesting competition and I received many letters from other readers.

"One of them came from a soldier overseas. His views were original and his letter so clever that I replied, and a correspondence has grown up between us.

"I have used my daughter's name, without her knowledge, throughout, and he visualises me as a young woman.

"Oh dear, it is a frightful muddle, as now we find ourselves writing with serious intent. He is a man of thirty, but this stupid web of deceit I have woven seems to be the only drawback to a pen-friendship that might develop into a romance.

"I have to make a decision. What should I do? If I tell him the truth he will lose all his newly gained faith in my sex.

"If I don't tell him I shall presently have to face an eager soldier in quest of romance. Of course, I don't look at all as I write.

Here, again, the truth must be told, and the sooner the better.

The soldier, who imagines he is writing to a girl younger than himself, is likely to have a shock, but it ought to be given in a letter at once, and not reserved until he actually comes on leave.

THE third letter comes from a man!

"My son, aged thirty-six, is serving in India," *he says*. "He is a good, steady lad with no vices. He had a lover, but she jilted him after he had been away for eighteen months and married another.

"Now a friend of ours has a daughter of thirty-five, whom my son met casually before the war. This girl asked us if she might write him a friendly letter now and again, but we advised her not to do so, because he already had a sweetheart.

"The girl, knowing that my son's engagement is at an end, promptly asked if she might correspond with him.

"She is an excellent girl in every way and we should welcome her as a daughter-in-law. We wrote telling him of her wish to write, but he cannot remember her at all.

"Can you understand our fears, Humanist? Our letters may extol the girl, but we cannot see with his eyes. Perhaps when he meets her again in a few years he will not feel that she is his ideal for a wife.

If the young man in India has clean forgotten the girl she cannot have made much of an impression on him. The parents seem anxious for the two to wed, but I don't think they should bring any influence to bear.

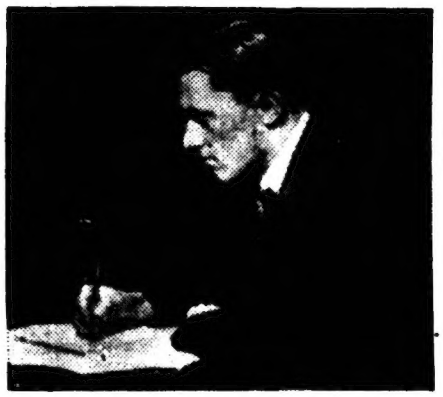
A man of thirty-six ought to manage his own love affairs without relying upon the judgment of his father and mother.

By all means let him consult them when he is attracted to a girl, but they cannot initiate the courtship of a girl who is, to all intents and purposes, a perfect stranger to him.

I am aware that in many countries weddings are arranged by the parents, and I don't doubt that a fair proportion of them are satisfactory; but English people like to choose for themselves.

The girl may have a hundred virtues, but if the sight of her does not strike a chord of lively emotion in the man he is not likely to feel exultant about her.

★ *Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*



"He leaves me to decide what to say . . ."

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

FARMERS are getting cheap child labour in backward districts. Boys of twelve and thirteen have been given 7s. 6d. for a forty-one-hour week in Wiltshire. Evacuee boys are exploited particularly. The authorised wage can be seen in any village post-office. Parents and others should prevent this child-exploitation.—Fred French, Northampton.

★ ★ ★

Ambulances of our first-aid posts are garaged in a neighbouring town. Every time the siren goes they have to be fetched, which means a waste of precious time and petrol.—G. Macdonald, Ayrshire.

★ ★ ★

Seedsmen may be short of seeds, but not of paper. Enough seeds to cover a salt-spoon are often sold in packets measuring 4 in. by 4 in.—W. I. Williams, Abergele.

★ ★ ★

It took an air mail letter (costing 1s. 3d.) three months to reach my son serving with the M.E.F. Surely the Post Office and the Army can do better than this!—P. L. Moore, Aigburth, Liverpool.

★ ★ ★

Have salvage officials seen our greyhound tracks after a meeting? Thousands of discarded programmes, made of thick paper, are trampled into the mud.—F. Fotheringham, Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

"Tell me," said the soldier in the train, "if what I get in the Army is worth £3 a week—as the White Paper says it is—why am I given only seventeen bob to cover everything on seven days' leave? Where is the other £2 3s.?"—R. Lock, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

Tributes are paid to women in the Services, but who praises that unsung heroine—the District Nurse, who, rain or shine, gale or frost, plods on, visiting those who urgently need her help!—A. Race, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

The Government wants rubber saved, yet ear-plugs which were issued early in the war are rarely used. Can't they be collected and put to better use?—Miss E. Smith, Hartlepool.

★ ★ ★

There are poster warnings about "Careless Talk" in many places, but I have never seen one where they are badly needed—in women's hairdressing cubicles. Having my hair done the other day, I learned the movements of an R.A.F. squadron, whose number was given.—"Patriot," Co. Durham.

RUBBER! RUBBER!!

EVERY scrap of salvage counts—paper, metal, bones are all needed for the war effort—but RUBBER has a priority value now that 90 per cent. of the world's natural resources are temporarily in Axis hands.

So when you are turning out old cupboards and drawers, keep a special eye open for anything containing rubber. Don't imagine that small articles are not worth saving. They are. Your own contribution, however modest, can be added to that of your neighbours. It is surprising how the little things mount up.

Rubber bands, golf balls, old teapot spouts or drip-mats, door stops, window wedges, air cushions, elastic, toy balloons or sponges. Anything like that is wanted—and wanted badly.

Old sporting gear can help to swell the treasure-trove. Rubber grips for racquets or cricket bats, batting gloves, tennis balls, plimsolls, football bladders or bathing caps.

And if you would care to take on the duties of Salvage Steward in your district and help to organise collections on a wider scale, your local authorities will welcome you

Don't use light unless you must —and remember

MAZDA LAMPS

provide it with the utmost economy

Mazda lamps The Nations Light

Made in England by The British Thomson Houston Company Limited 3956

Make more use of your RUDGE — and so give the war effort that little extra "helping hand"

RUDGE IS BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE

"Warfare is the National Industry of Prussia"....

(Mirabeau 1749-1791)

IN England we do not take kindly to the slaughter and maimings of warfare. We fight when we must, and then we fight to the bitter end. That is why to-day vast organisations such as the C.W.S., whose aims and ways are those of peace, are fighting behind the lines without reserve and to the very limit of their capacity to aid the national effort. Warfare is not our trade, but we will beat at it those whose trade it is.

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GN 1527 P

LAST LAUGH

C. P. (Walsall).—"After twenty years of marriage my husband has given me a real shock: he says his mother was a far better cook than I." We take it the shock was the fact that he had been able to keep it to himself so long.

J. W. (Stonehaven).—"I do not smoke, drink, go to cinemas or eat sweets. Surely that is a sign of strong will-power." Or extreme impecuniosity.

TWENTY (Warwick).—"The ambitious young man must not be content to see big things ahead." He must make up his mind to get over them.

G. L. (Carlisle).—"I have discovered a sovereign cure for influenza." We doubt if it will sell at that price.

C. R. (Sale).—"Are there any books published that help one in furnishing problems?" Oh, yes. A good fat encyclopædia is ideal for propping up a sagging sofa.

F. K. (Hove).—"It is realised in Berlin and Rome that the Fuehrer and the Duce must hang together." Separately, in our opinion, would be just as satisfactory.

F. N. (Ipswich).—"Utility winter underwear I have bought tickles my skin." Now we may expect an article by Goebbels entitled "Growing Unrest in Britain."

ETHEL (London, N.).—"He told me that when he gazed into my eyes, time stood still." Much nicer than saying your face would stop a clock.

R. E. (Highgate).—"There are no restrictions on the quantity of food served in a private room." It all depends on how much private room a consumer has.

R. L. (Luton). — "A new American idea is a transparent umbrella." Just the thing for a shy actress to shelter behind when bothered by a persistent Press photographer.

T. C. (Crieff).—"My grandfather, who has just celebrated his hundredth birthday, says that he owes his longevity to non-smoking, non-drinking, vegetarianism and walking." And, of course, to the fact that he was born in 1842.

C. K. (Glasgow).—"There are far too many half-witted people in the world to-day." We have often felt this after reading your letters.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Hear you're goin' across again to-morrow, Captain. Wonder if you'd mind delivering this personally to my girl in Brooklyn?"

Side-Slips

NEWS OF THE WORLD.—"... for supplying stockings without STOCKINGS, the deputy states."

EVENING CHRONICLE.—"... said a HOUSE with two children.

EVENING NEWS AND SOUTHERN DAILY MAIL.—"... state that incendiary and high explosive BOMBERS were dropped over several places...."

BURTON MAIL. — "I think they all behaved like veterans. Everything went according to PLAY."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.—"Even one DOORSTEP from every home in Britain would equip 500 bombers with tyres and inner tubes."

GREATEST OF THESE

● The case of a patriotic sufferer whose condition certainly calls for aid is Albert Scott.

He relinquished a good job at the beginning of the war to join the Army. Was sent to France and went through the horrors of Dunkirk.

Later, on manœuvres, he met with a serious accident, and has undergone ten operations in the past twelve months. Although discharged from hospital, he has to undergo treatment for at least another two years, and expects to go back to hospital again quite soon.

Meanwhile, he is in the depths of despair at the thought of losing his home, being in arrears with rates and taxes, electric light and payments on furniture.

His wife, unfortunately, cannot go to work as she is continually suffering from asthma.

We are assured that this unhappy young man's character is above reproach.

Kind-hearted readers can help Mr. and Mrs. Scott by sending donations earmarked "10 Operations." Letters should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,343

FIRST PRIZE £50

A. J. Ashby, "Kimberley," Winchester, Hants, for this "Bullet":—

WEAPONS OF VICTORY VITAL "BRINGING TO BEAR."

£20: W. A. Lester, 1, Beacon Terrace, Birmingham Rd., Walsall.
Harder And Harder—To Goose-step Amongst Debris!

£10: N. Pate, 76, Pinnox St., Tunstall, S.O.T.
Nazi War Machine—"Power" We Must "Consume."

£5: A. Edale, 23, Factory Rd., Kirkcaldy, Fife. **Weapons Of Victory—Countless Bayonets—Right "Points."**

£4: J. H. Bryer, 276, Ashley Rd., Parkstone, Dorset. **Heard On The Radio—Fanfare—Germany's Hungry "Satisfied"?**

£3: J. C. Stroud, 30, Kondor Ave., Epsom, Surrey. **Nazi War Machine—Holds "Braking"—Reds Breaking.**

£2: Mrs. L. K. Newcombe, The Grove, Rillington, Malton, Yorks. **The Worst Of It Is—We Haven't "Utility Politicians"!**

30s.: J. Weston, 6, Cuthbert's Yd., Barlestone, nr. Nuneaton. **Nazi War Machine—Shot "Bolt"? You're "Ruin"!**

30s.: E. A. Purcell, 5, Dagmar Rd., Victoria Park, Dorchester. **At The War Office—Casualties, If Stalin Arrives!**

24s.: W. Toone, 93, Woodfield Dr., Gidea Park, Romford, Essex. **Down Came A Bomb And—Blast Worked Village Siren!**

22s.: C. M. Simms, 39, Surrey Rd., Reading. **At The Post Office—Like Ink, You're "Mad"!**

20s.: E. Graham, 7, East Av., Fatfield, Washington, Co. Durham. **Somebody Blundered And—Male Marred Godiva Pageant!**

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 5s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD NO. 295

WINNING WORDS: 1. Caring. 2. Debt. 3. Bank. 4. Bellow. 5. Sank. 6. Plan. 7. Cheat. 8. Slant. 9. Prank. 10. Ram. 11. Barrow. 12. Mean. 13. Dell. 14. Fogged.

£100 SHARERS: E. P. S. Benn, Millfield, Cobham, Kent; C. S. Brookes, 46, Marle Hill Parade, Cheltenham; T. O. Evans, 25, Penywain Rd., Cardiff; Pte. S. Hisken, Somewhere-in-Britain; E. A. Mason, 33, Walsall Rd., Gt. Wyrley, Walsall.

Awards value £85 shared between 38 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE **£340**

I'M VERY PROUD

TO WRITE THIS LETTER

H.M.S. —

Dear Sirs, Aug. 24th, 1942.

I have been taking Yeast-Vite tablets because I had a very bad attack of headaches, and now I feel a great improvement.

Only three days ago I recommended a great friend of mine to take Yeast-Vite tablets, because he was suffering from very bad headaches. This friend is a French soldier. He came to me, and this is what he said: "*With the splendid spirit of the people here, England simply can't lose the War.*" Of this I'm firmly convinced, if all the people who suffer from headaches and loss of sleep take Yeast-Vite tablets.

I know that I have carried on the good work of recommending Yeast-Vite tablets to the people of England. Not only that, but I will recommend Yeast-Vite Tablets to people far across the sea.

I'm very proud to write this letter to you. (Sgd.) — (R.N.R.)

Rhyl, Aug. 27th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

We've had Yeast-Vite Tablets for years and I can't describe the boon they are to young and old.

(Sgd.) Miss W.

Birmingham,

Dear Sirs, Aug. 7th, 1942.

My mother is still having much benefit from Yeast-Vite—in fact it keeps her going, though she will be 91 next October. She knits, sews and reads, and though she cannot get about much, she is able to potter from room to room, due to your tablets, I am sure. (Sgd.) Miss H.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/6 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

Good health —good work

Never before has she worked so hard—up with the sun, at it all day long, with energy to spare and the promise of a good night's rest. It's easy, she says, given good health. Remember, there is a Golden Rule of Health . .

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 *(Including Purchase Tax)*
Also in PENNYWORTHS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

BRIGHTEN DARK EVENINGS & WINNING PRIZES!

PRIZES VALUE £125 start 1 WEEK XWORD £100 1st prize RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 295, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No 299

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.		3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1	THERE'S A FINE COLLECTION OF BOOKS IN SUCH A LIBRARY	LE	DING		
2	IT WILL TAKE LONG TIME TO GET THROUGH HEAVY ONE	PO	T		
3	CRUEL BLOW IS LIKELY TO WIPE OUT	G	IN		
4	SMELL OF THIS FROM GARDEN CAN BE QUITE PLEASING		EEK		
5	IS EXPECTED TO PACIFY TROUBLESOME PERSON		OP		
6	WHEN BURGLAR FAILS, RESULT IS OFTEN THIS	GA	LING		
7	YOU'D THINK SOME OLD-TIME SERGEANT-MAJORS LIKE BEING	EN	AGED		
8	IN NAVY STREETS, BLACK-OUT RESTRICTIONS LEAVE US THIS	GL	MMER		
9	SIGHT OF FROTH ON BEER DOING THIS SEEMS AGAINST TO UNDERGRADUATE SOME	FO	MING		
10	IT'S UNUSUAL TO SEE WHITE HORSES ADVANCING ACROSS THIS		EA		
11	IN SOME CASES LEAVES A DISTRICT WITHOUT ADEQUATE WATER		EAT		
12	LIGHT ONE IS BETTER FOR GENERAL HOUSING	L	FT		
13	SOMETHING AUCTIONEER OF LIVE-STOCK NEEDS TO KNOW ABOUT	GA	E		
14	PUBLIC DIDN'T MUCH SYMPATHY FOR POLICEMAN WHO'S DONE THIS	BU	GLED		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Nov. 7.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, OCT. 26

Signed .....

Address .....

299.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues (provided test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or two Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £200 for BULLETS

FIRST PRIZE £50 FOR 23, 4 WORDS

AWARDS £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20/- £10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 6.

UNITED NATIONS
WAY THE WAR'S GOING
WITH A WATCHFUL EYE
CRITICAL MOMENT
WHAT'S LACKING
UNDER CONTROL
BRITISH PROPAGANDA
FAR AND WIDE
FUEL IS PRECIOUS, SO
GOOD NEWS
FIRE-WATCHER AUNTIE
MOST OF THE TIME

BULLETS 1,343 RESULT appears on page 14

SEETHING WITH DISCONTENT
ACROSS THE CHANNEL
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT
IN DESPERATION
PRESSING PROBLEM
BIT OF HEAVEN
WON'T WORK
TOUGH PROPOSITION

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

YEARNING FOR.....
IN THE COMING.....
AT THE GATES OF.....
LOOKING AFTER.....
BECAUSE WE.....
SHORT OF.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in black margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated November 7.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Wednesday, Oct. 28.
1,347

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,347—or Xword No. 299, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp).

SCO

The Magic Oven Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS Quickly

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical. NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

Bottles 7½d.

Large Tins 10½d.

BUY SCO AT WOOLWORTH'S

Try this!

AND PREVENT LOOSE PLATES

Holds Longer — Holds Firmer

Those who suffer from wobbling, dropping or clicking dentures can keep them *firm all day* with one single morning application of 'Dentesive.' This new dental discovery makes your false teeth feel like natural ones. You can laugh, cough and sneeze without embarrassment. You can eat even seedy jams and nuts without particles getting underneath your plates. 'Dentesive' also cushions irritating pressure of hard plates thus preventing sore gums. Tasteless, odourless, harmless. Prices 7½d. and 1/3 at chemists. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Makes light of cooking

The Best in the World

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives, they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a natural laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Children love the delicious flavour.

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will HEAL IT Clean!

Dear Sirs,

My little boy developed a terrible rash all over his body, the irritation was awful. Then suddenly I thought of GERMOLENE. Within a week he was cured, and thanks to GERMOLENE he is a happy little fellow again.

Mrs. R. T. Ripley.

Germolene is good for all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

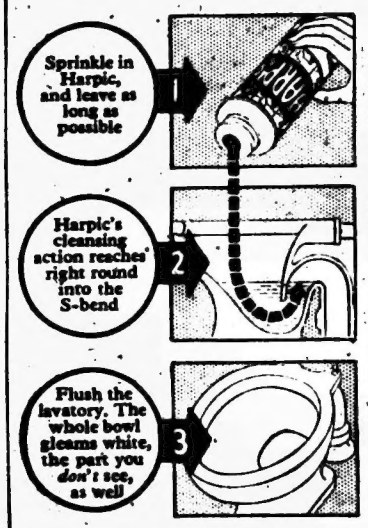
Germoloids The treatment for Haemorrhoids (Piles) based upon the Germolene Healing Principle. Price 1/5 per box from all chemists

Iron to Win

Remember that any piece of iron, however small, will help to give the United Nations the *iron strength* they need to win. So search out every piece of 'scrap,' every article of iron that you can do without, and send them to be turned into the armaments that will help to keep you and your children free.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

HARPIC
cleans the lavatory easily

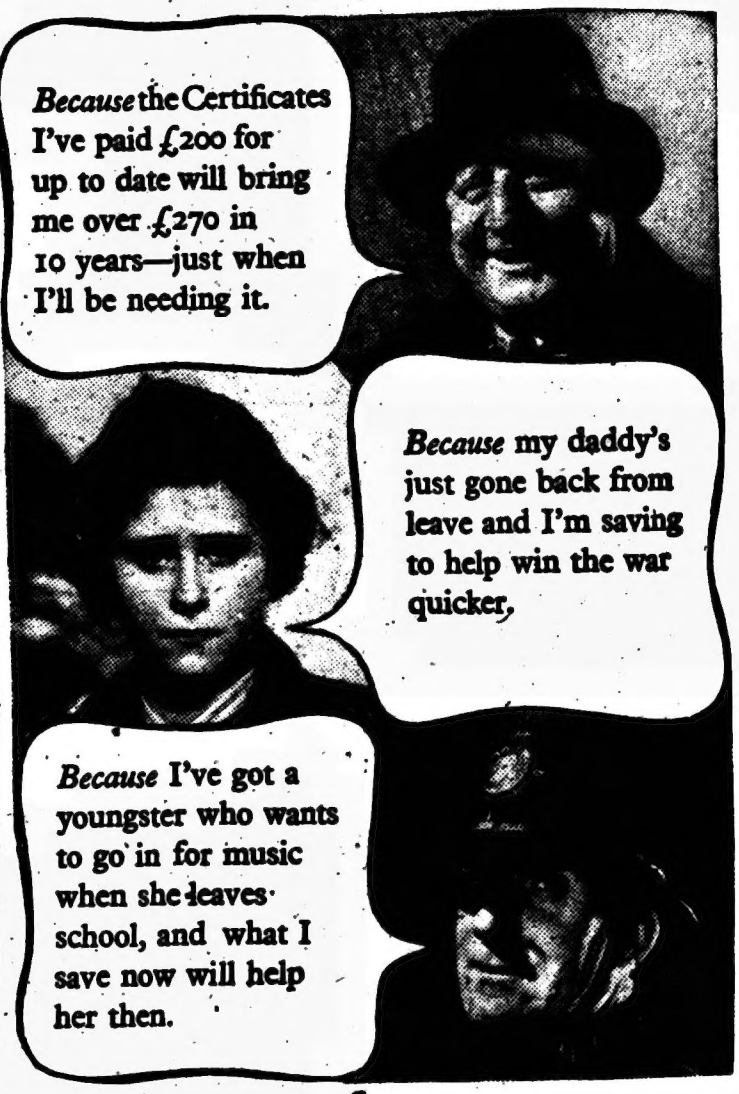

Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

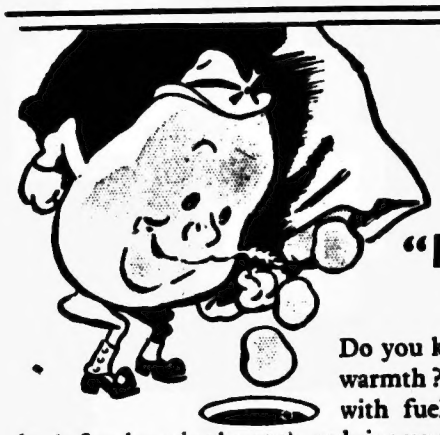
Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

WHY WE BUY
NATIONAL
SAVINGS CERTIFICATES


Because the Certificates I've paid £200 for up to date will bring me over £270 in 10 years—just when I'll be needing it.
Because my daddy's just gone back from leave and I'm saving to help win the war quicker,
Because I've got a youngster who wants to go in for music when she leaves school, and what I save now will help her then.

3% **DEFENCE BONDS.** *When you reach the limit of 500 Certificates you should invest your further savings in* 3% *DEFENCE BONDS—£5 each. They can be bought by instalments—through your Savings Group or the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.*

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE



"I SAVE COAL"
says **Potato Pete**

Do you know potatoes give you warmth? They supply the body with fuel. They'll keep your body fires burning brightly and give you extra energy. Remember potatoes aren't just something to serve with the meat — they can be the basis of many tasty and nourishing dishes. Eat more potatoes, less bread, and you'll be doing a ship-saving job.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

For two people. 1 lb. potatoes, ½ pint milk or household milk, 1 tablespoonful flour, a few breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, a few sliced onions, shallots or chives.

Scrub and scrape the potatoes, then cut them into fairly thin slices. Arrange the layers in a pie-dish or casserole, sprinkling each layer with flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and sliced onion. Pour in the milk, sprinkle the top with breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven for about one hour, or cook in a frying-pan covered with a plate for ½ to ¾ hour over low heat.

FREE—ask at any of the Food Advice Centres or Bureaux for a free copy of the Potato Pete Recipe Booklet, or write direct to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

POTATOES KEEP YOU *FIGHTING* FIT

Is anyone stopping these ships?

Back and forth go the ships, two trips and more for every one they made in peace time. Britain must be fed. Battle fronts must be supplied and reinforced. Every ton of coal saved in the home frees transport for taking another ton to the bunkers of waiting ships!

What do I do...?

If I have not already done so, I work out my "target" allowance and see that I keep within it by reading my gas and electricity meters weekly, and by measuring out my coal and coke. I do not light my fire — gas, electric, or coal — or my paraffin stove, on autumn evenings just because it *looks* cheerful. In this way I can play my part in the BATTLE FOR FUEL.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Aptly described as an Empire Arsenal and an Empire Larder, Canada has also played the role of fairy godmother to many children evacuated from their homes in Gt. Britain. We may be quite sure that in acquiring new habits they will be encouraged to develop those instilled by their parents: washing behind their ears, for example, and cleaning their teeth night and morning — with KOLYNOS.

IMPORTANT. — USED TUBES WANTED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN TO CHEMIST

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.